THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

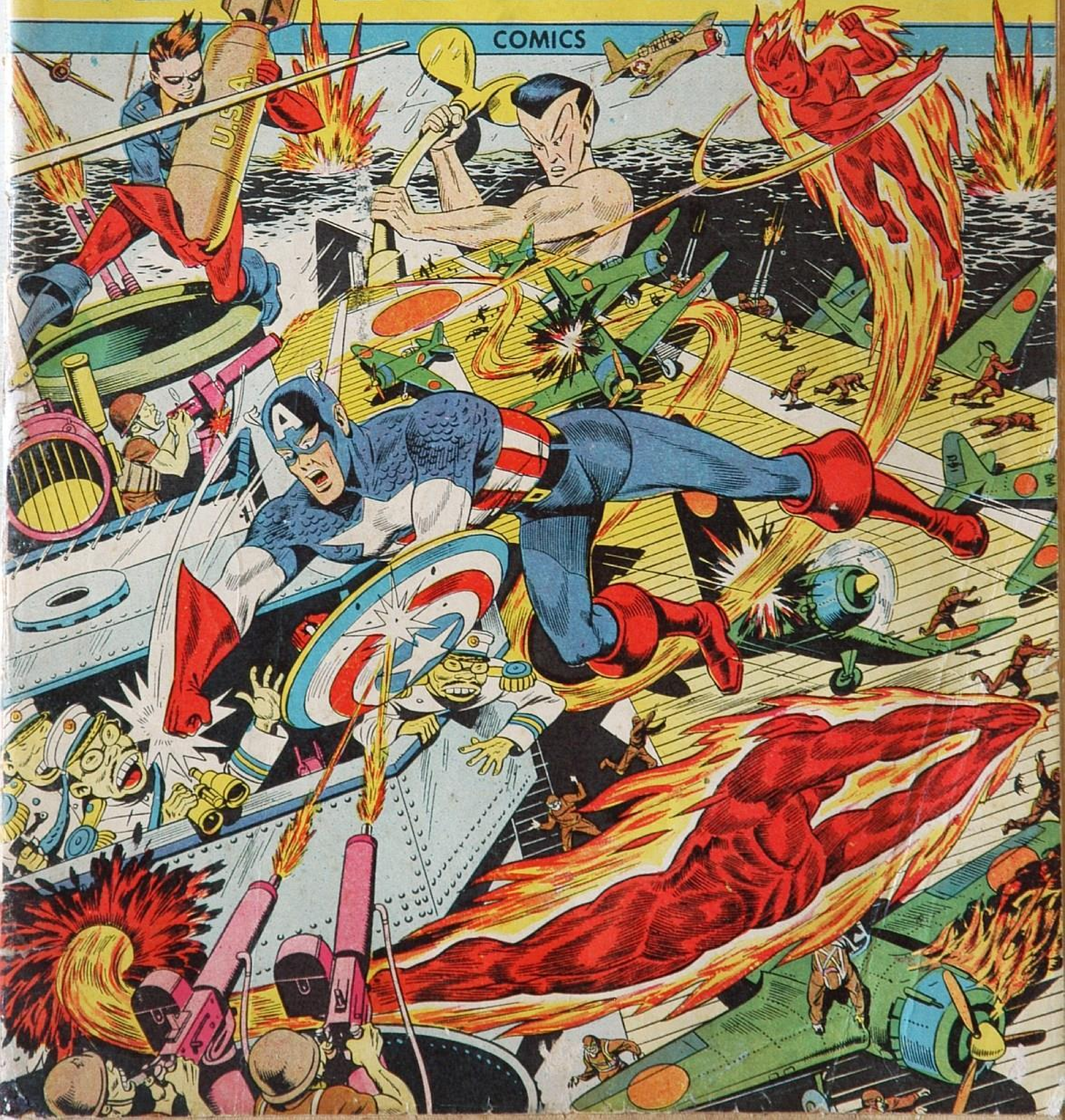
ALL WINNERS

NO. 13

FALL ISSUE

10¢

COMICS



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name ....

Address ....

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Color of Hair ....

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Supply Limited

NEW *True-Love and Friendship* *Sterling Silver* Pendant Heart Design RING $1.95

TEN DAYS TRIAL

The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

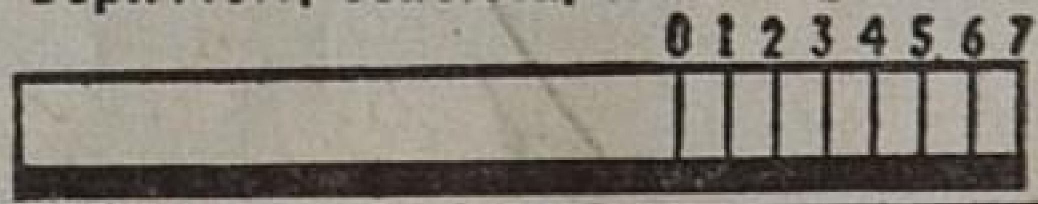
SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. **Wear 10 days** on money back guarantee.

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa**

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name ....

Address ....

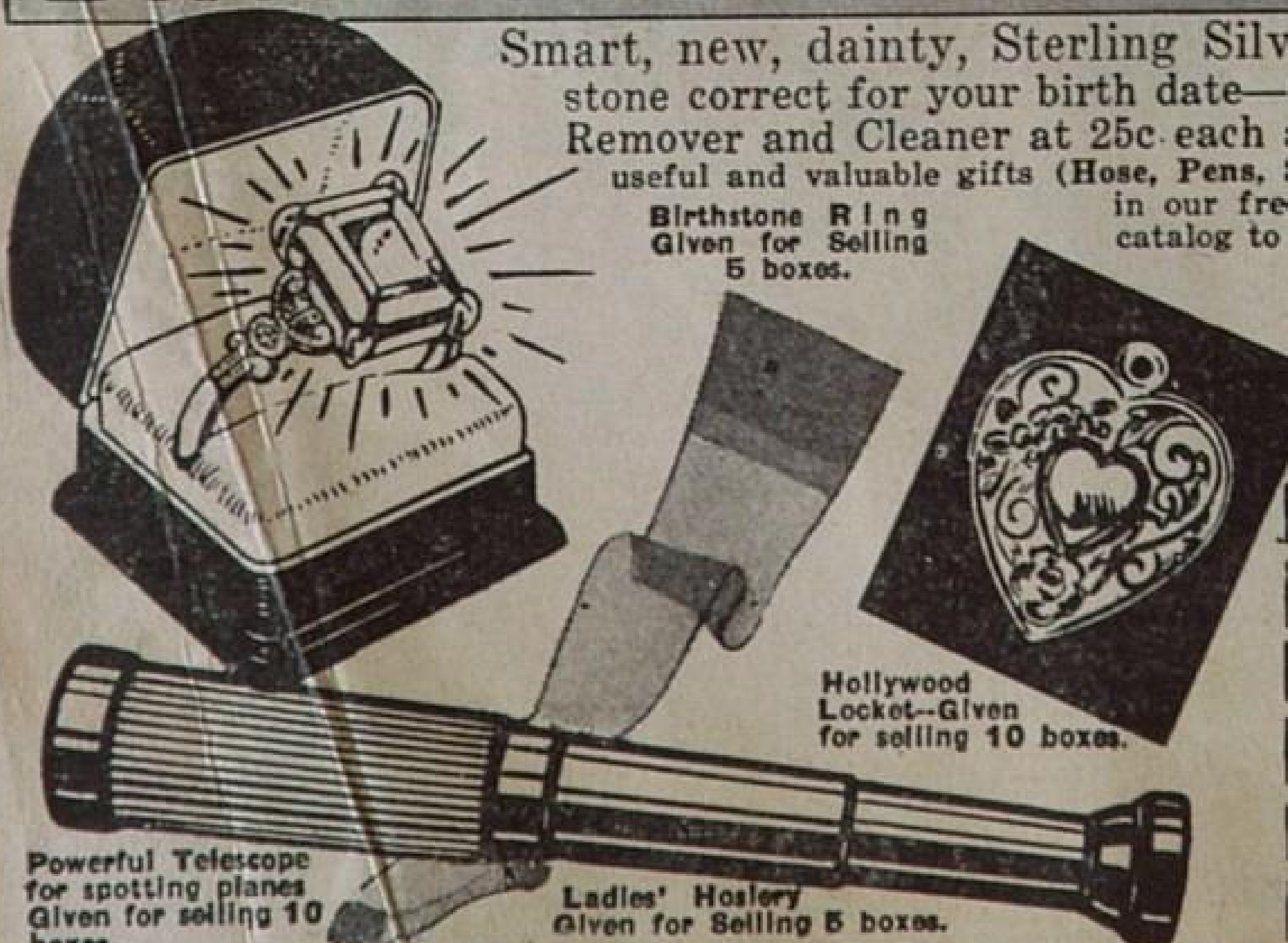
City ....

Ring Size.......... State..........................

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN *AWAY*

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (**Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.**) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket--Given for selling 10 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

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Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90 Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.......................... STATE..........

Gift I would like to have you send me.

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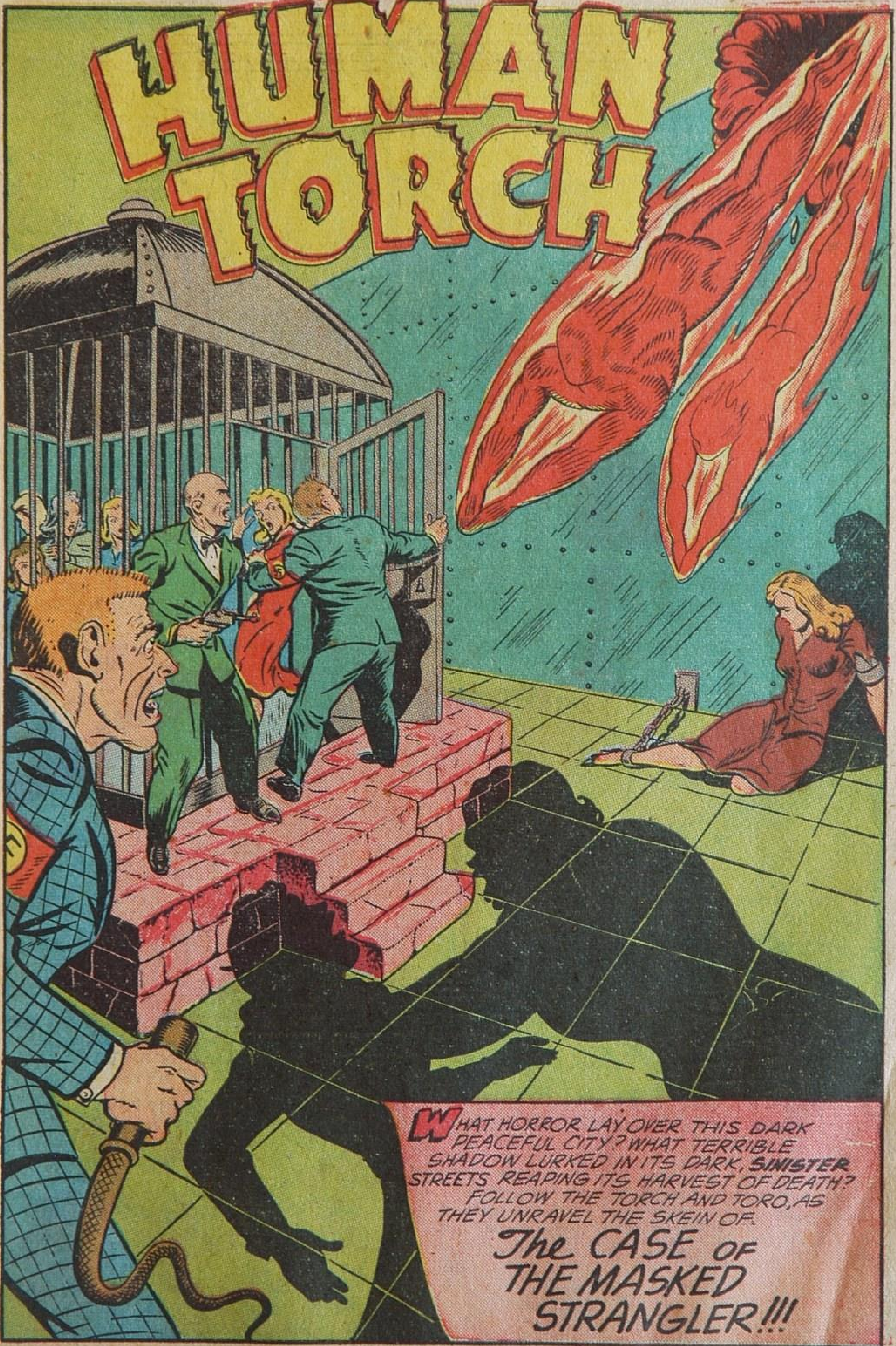
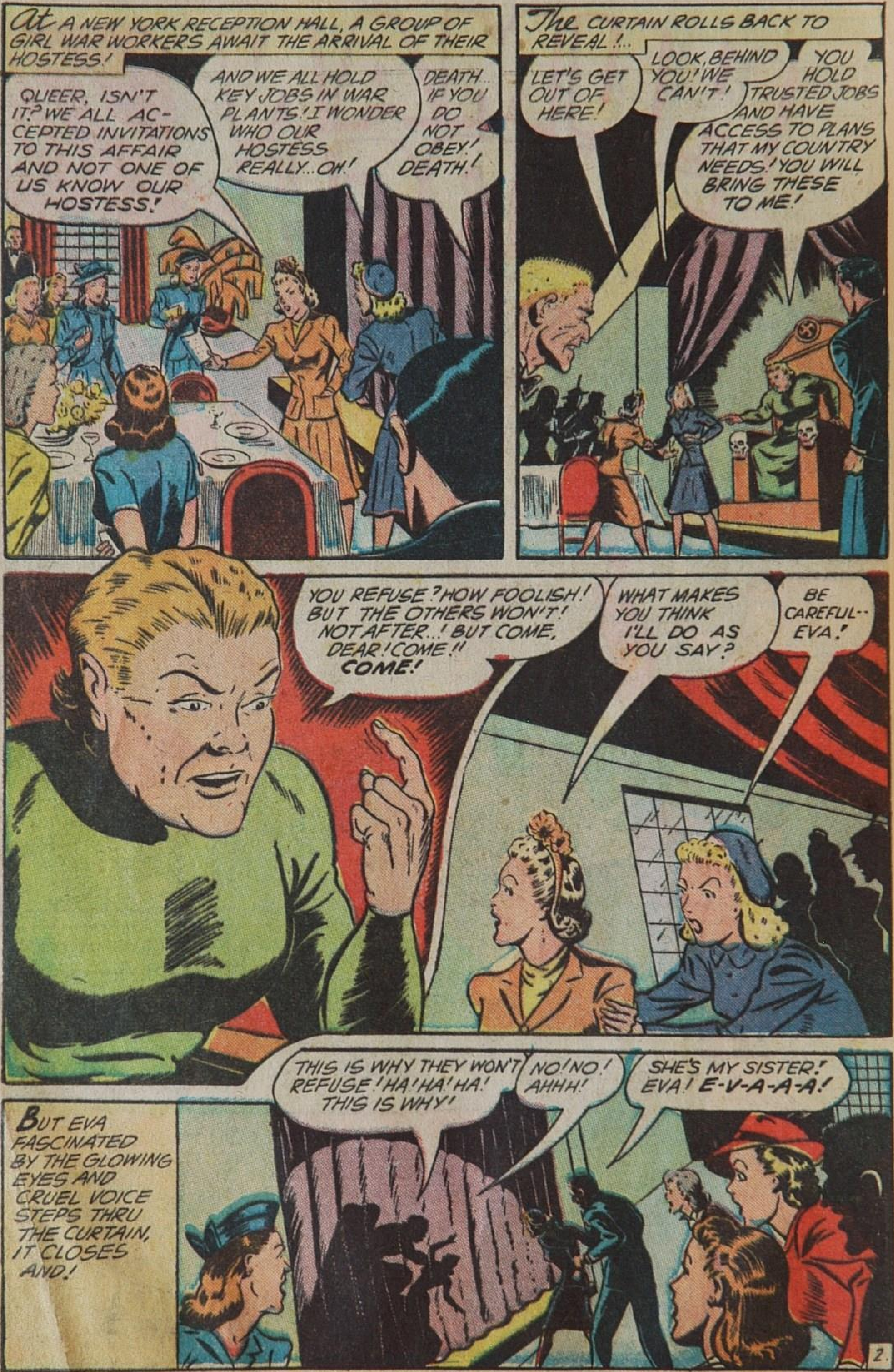
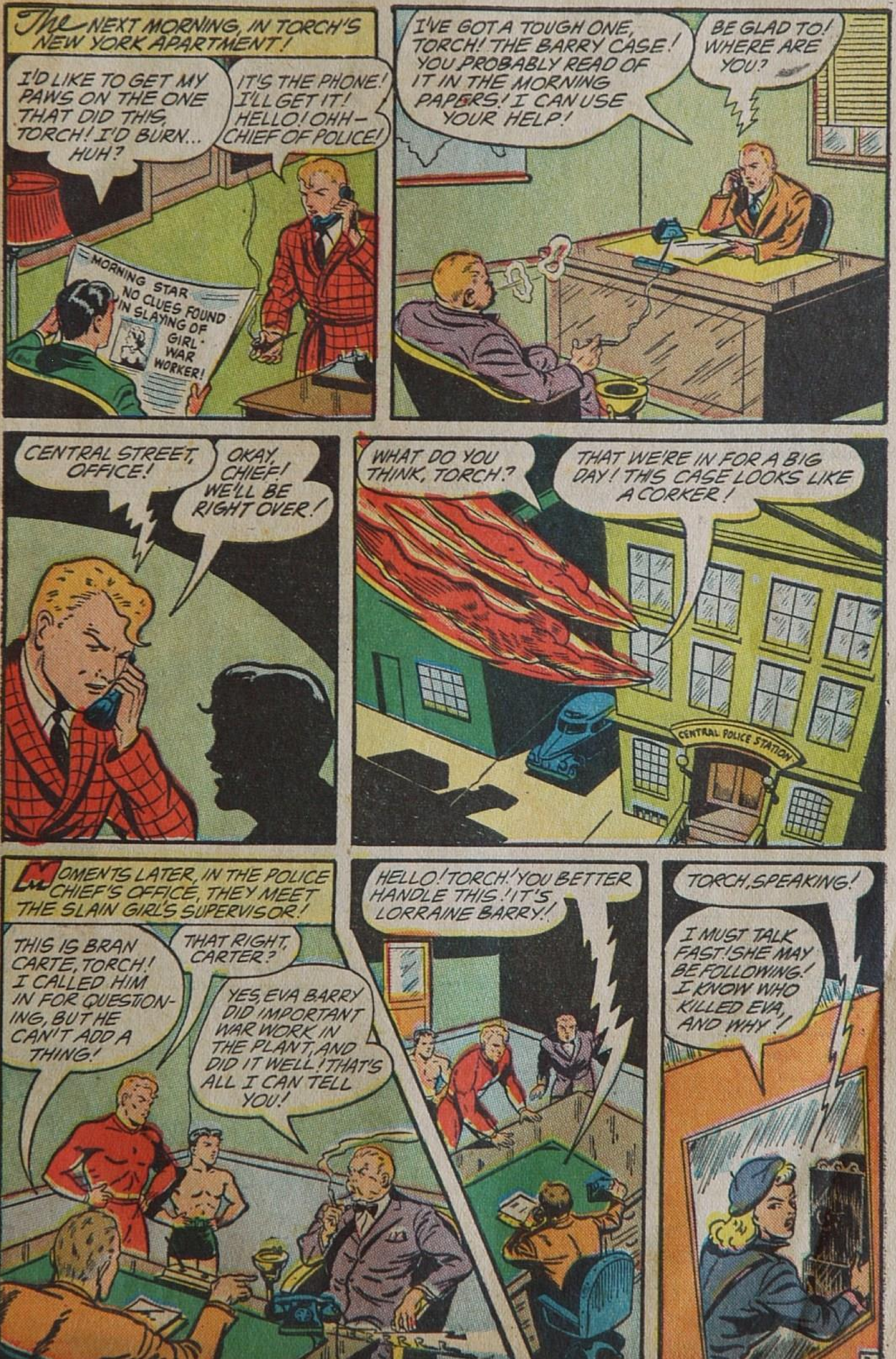
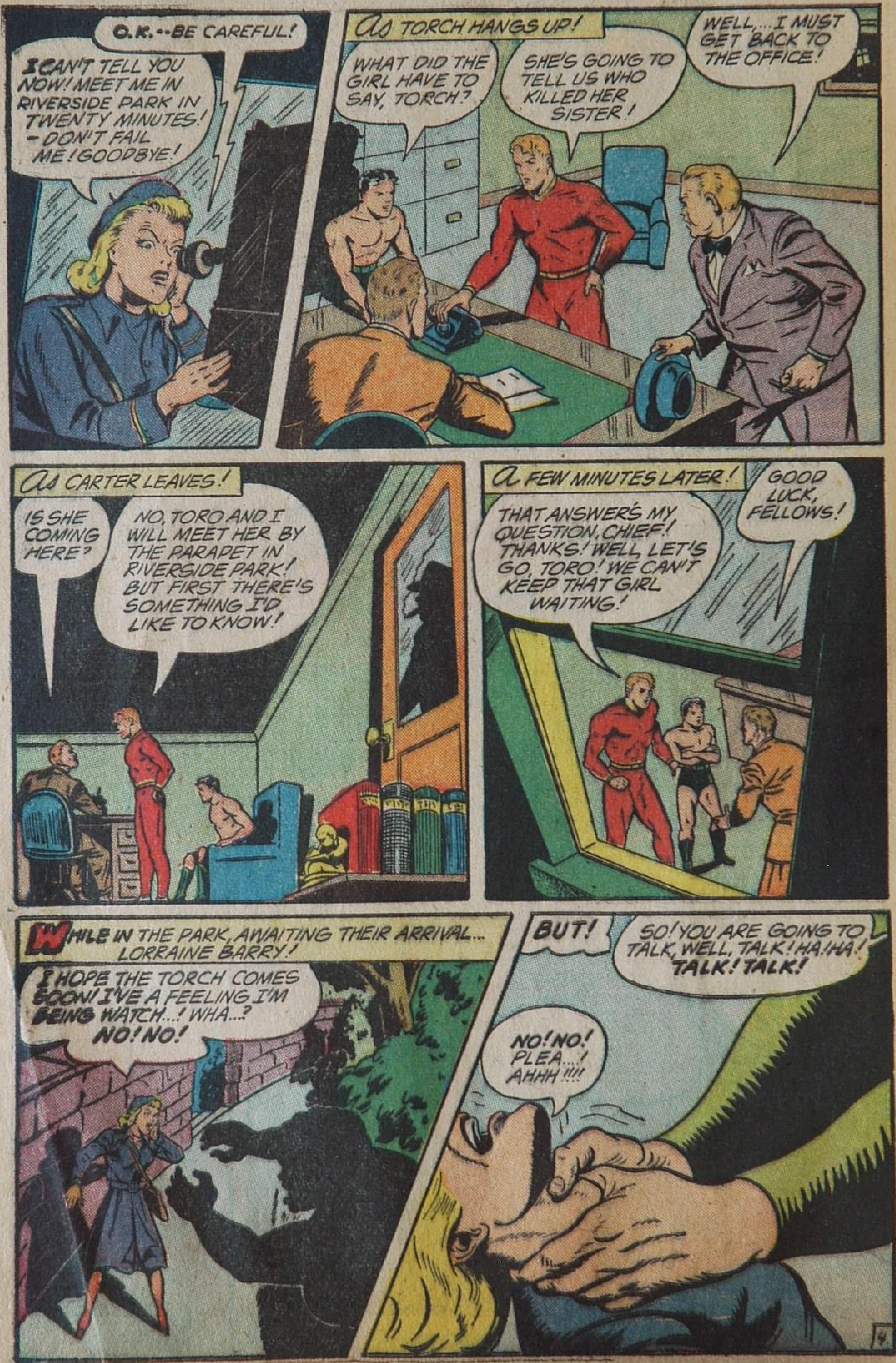

HUMAN TORCH
WHAT HORROR LAY OVER THIS DARK PEACEFUL CITY? WHAT TERRIBLE SHADOW LURKED IN ITS DARK, SINISTER STREETS REAPING ITS HARVEST OF DEATH? FOLLOW THE TORCH AND TORO, AS THEY UNRAVEL THE SKEIN OF
The CASE OF THE MASKED STRANGLER!!!


At A NEW YORK RECEPTION HALL, A GROUP OF GIRL WAR WORKERS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR HOSTESS!
QUEER, ISN'T IT? WE ALL ACCEPTED INVITATIONS TO THIS AFFAIR AND NOT ONE OF US KNOW OUR HOSTESS!
AND WE ALL HOLD KEY JOBS IN WAR PLANTS! I WONDER WHO OUR HOSTESS REALLY...OH!
DEATH... IF YOU DO NOT OBEY! DEATH!
The CURTAIN ROLLS BACK TO REVEAL!...
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOK, BEHIND YOU! WE CAN'T!
YOU HOLD TRUSTED JOBS AND HAVE ACCESS TO PLANS THAT MY COUNTRY NEEDS! YOU WILL BRING THESE TO ME!
YOU REFUSE? HOW FOOLISH! BUT THE OTHERS WON'T! NOT AFTER...! BUT COME, DEAR! COME!! COME!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL DO AS YOU SAY?
BE CAREFUL-- EVA!
BUT EVA FASCINATED BY THE GLOWING EYES AND CRUEL VOICE STEPS THRU THE CURTAIN, IT CLOSES AND!
THIS IS WHY THEY WON'T REFUSE! HA! HA! HA! THIS IS WHY!
NO! NO! AHHH!
SHE'S MY SISTER! EVA! E-V-A-A-A!


The NEXT MORNING, IN TORCH'S NEW YORK APARTMENT!
I'D LIKE TO GET MY PAWS ON THE ONE THAT DID THIS, TORCH! I'D BURN... HUH?
IT'S THE PHONE! I'LL GET IT! HELLO! OHH— CHIEF OF POLICE!
MORNING STAR
NO CLUES FOUND IN SLAYING OF GIRL WAR WORKER!
I'VE GOT A TOUGH ONE, TORCH! THE BARRY CASE! YOU PROBABLY READ OF IT IN THE MORNING PAPERS! I CAN USE YOUR HELP!
BE GLAD TO! WHERE ARE YOU?
CENTRAL STREET, OFFICE!
OKAY, CHIEF! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, TORCH?
THAT WE'RE IN FOR A BIG DAY! THIS CASE LOOKS LIKE A CORKER!
CENTRAL POLICE STATION
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE, THEY MEET THE SLAIN GIRL'S SUPERVISOR!
THIS IS BRAN CARTE, TORCH! I CALLED HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING, BUT HE CAN'T ADD A THING!
THAT RIGHT, CARTER?
YES, EVA BARRY DID IMPORTANT WAR WORK IN THE PLANT, AND DID IT WELL! THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU!
R-R-R-R-R
HELLO! TORCH! YOU BETTER HANDLE THIS! IT'S LORRAINE BARRY!
TORCH, SPEAKING!
I MUST TALK FAST! SHE MAY BE FOLLOWING! I KNOW WHO KILLED EVA, AND WHY!


O.K.--BE CAREFUL!
I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW! MEET ME IN RIVERSIDE PARK IN TWENTY MINUTES! - DON'T FAIL ME! GOODBYE!
AS TORCH HANGS UP!
WHAT DID THE GIRL HAVE TO SAY, TORCH?
SHE'S GOING TO TELL US WHO KILLED HER SISTER!
WELL,...I MUST GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!
AS CARTER LEAVES!
IS SHE COMING HERE?
NO, TORO AND I WILL MEET HER BY THE PARAPET IN RIVERSIDE PARK! BUT FIRST THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
THAT ANSWER'S MY QUESTION, CHIEF! THANKS! WELL, LET'S GO, TORO! WE CAN'T KEEP THAT GIRL WAITING!
GOOD LUCK, FELLOWS!
WHILE IN THE PARK, AWAITING THEIR ARRIVAL... LORRAINE BARRY!
I HOPE THE TORCH COMES SOON! I'VE A FEELING I'M BEING WATCH...! WHA...? NO! NO!
BUT!
SO! YOU ARE GOING TO TALK, WELL, TALK! HA! HA! TALK! TALK!
NO! NO! PLEA...! AHHH!!!!
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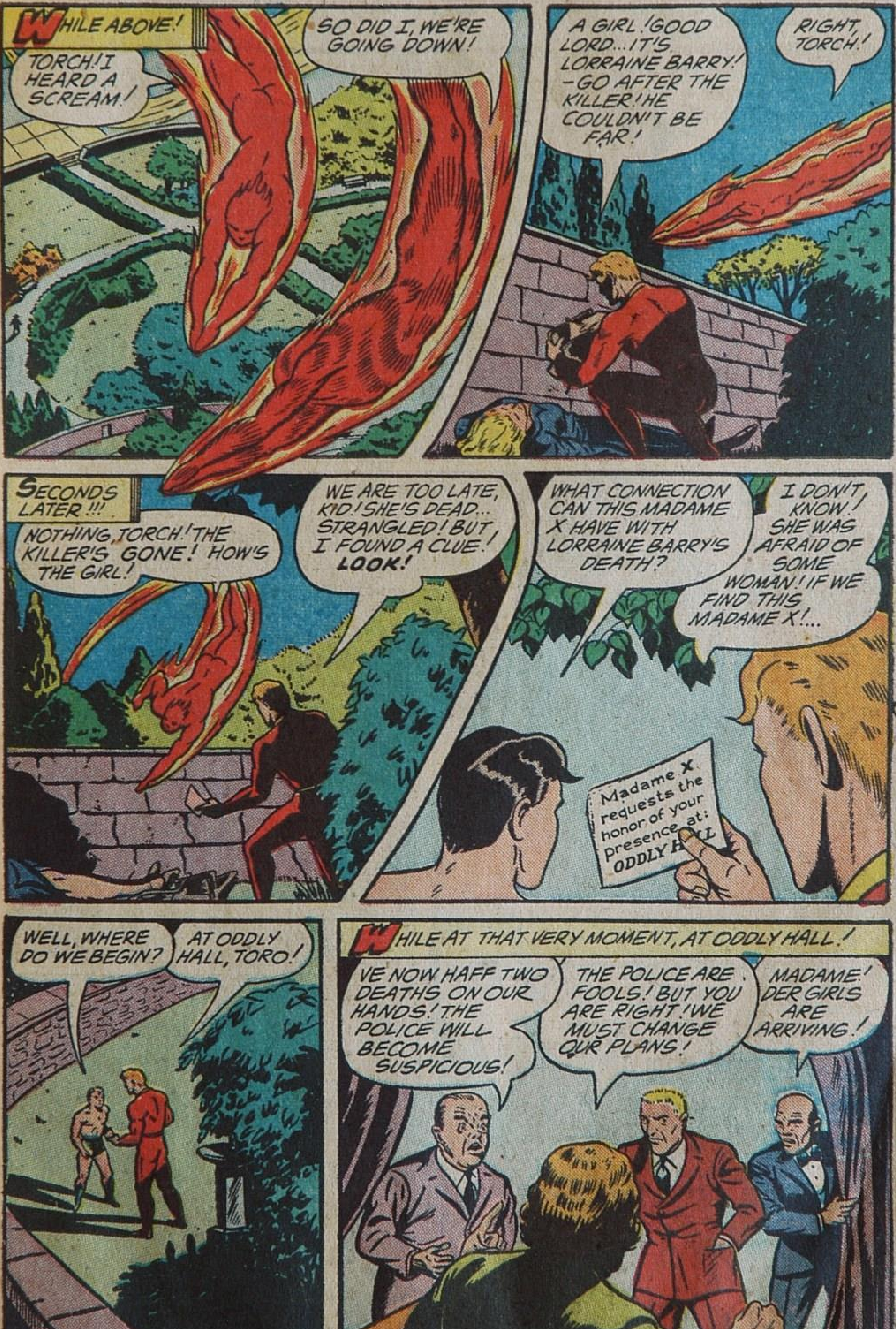
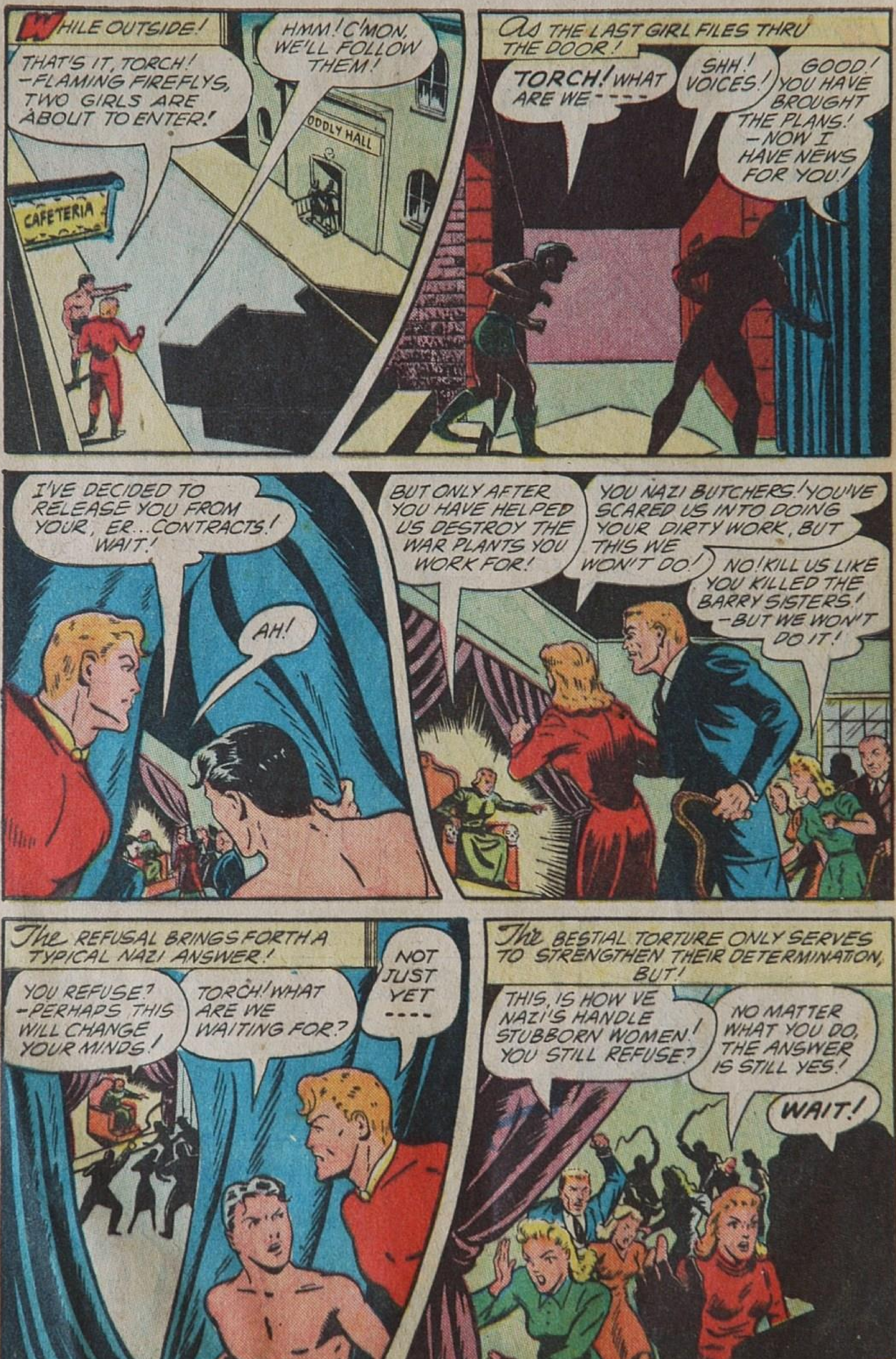
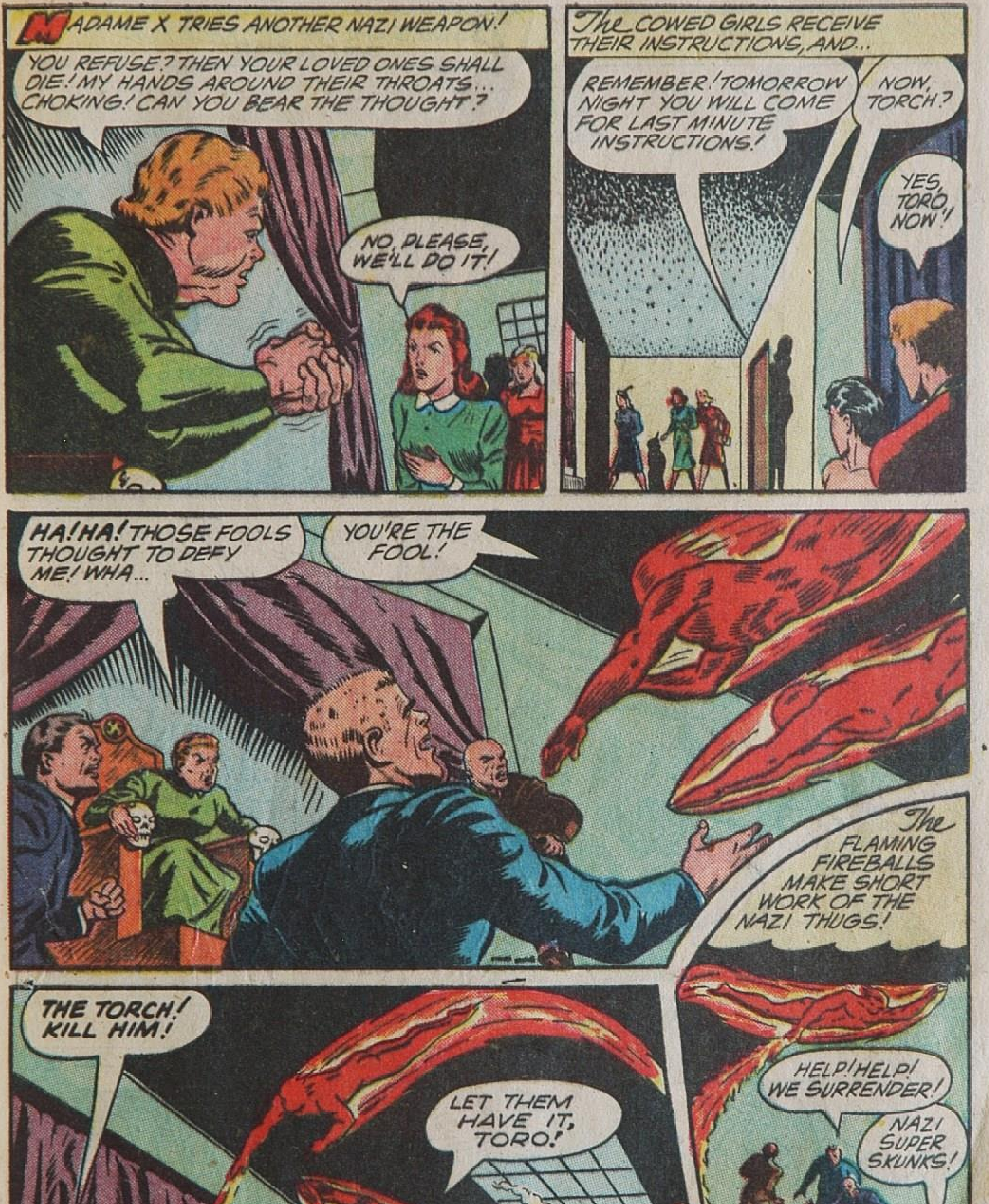
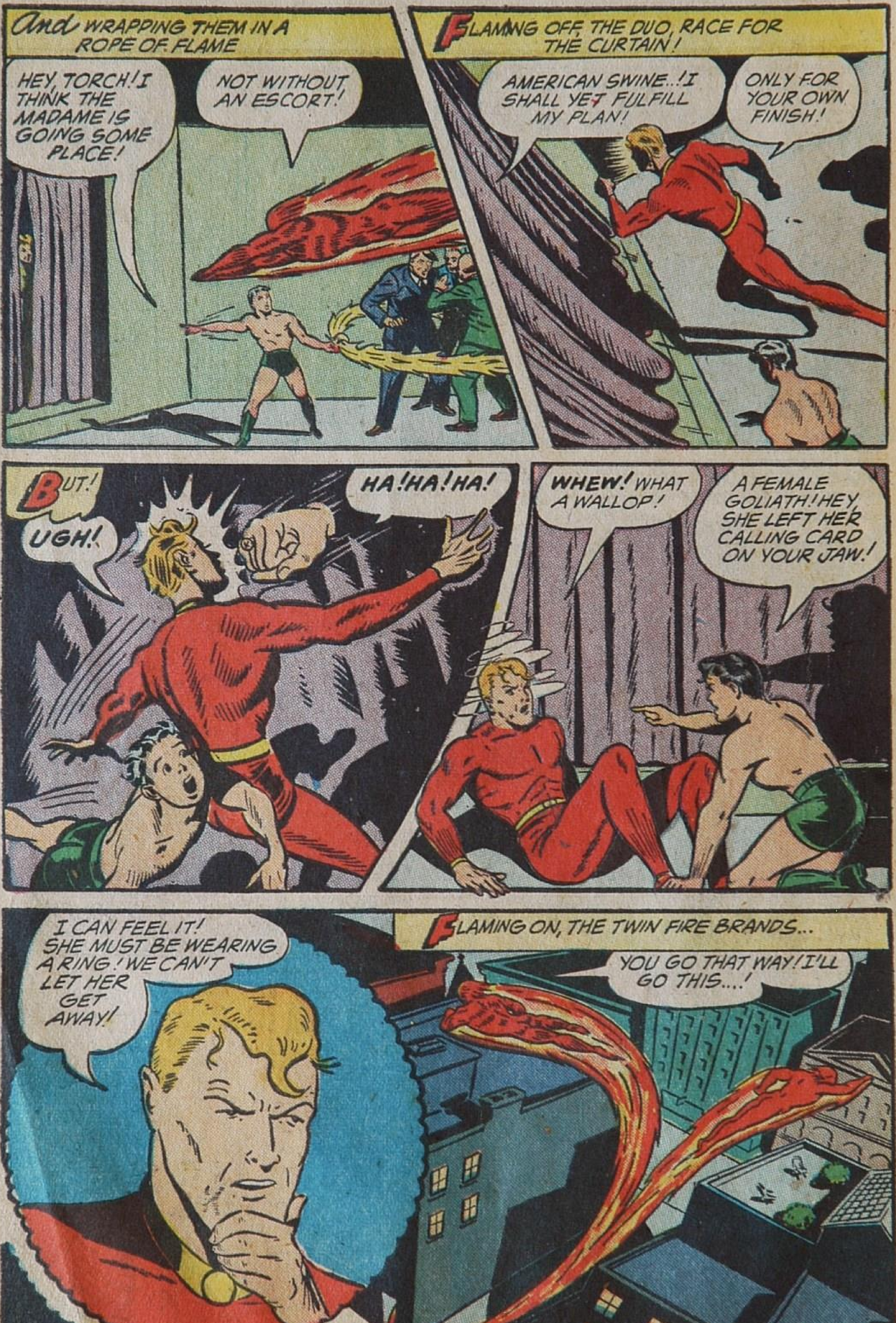
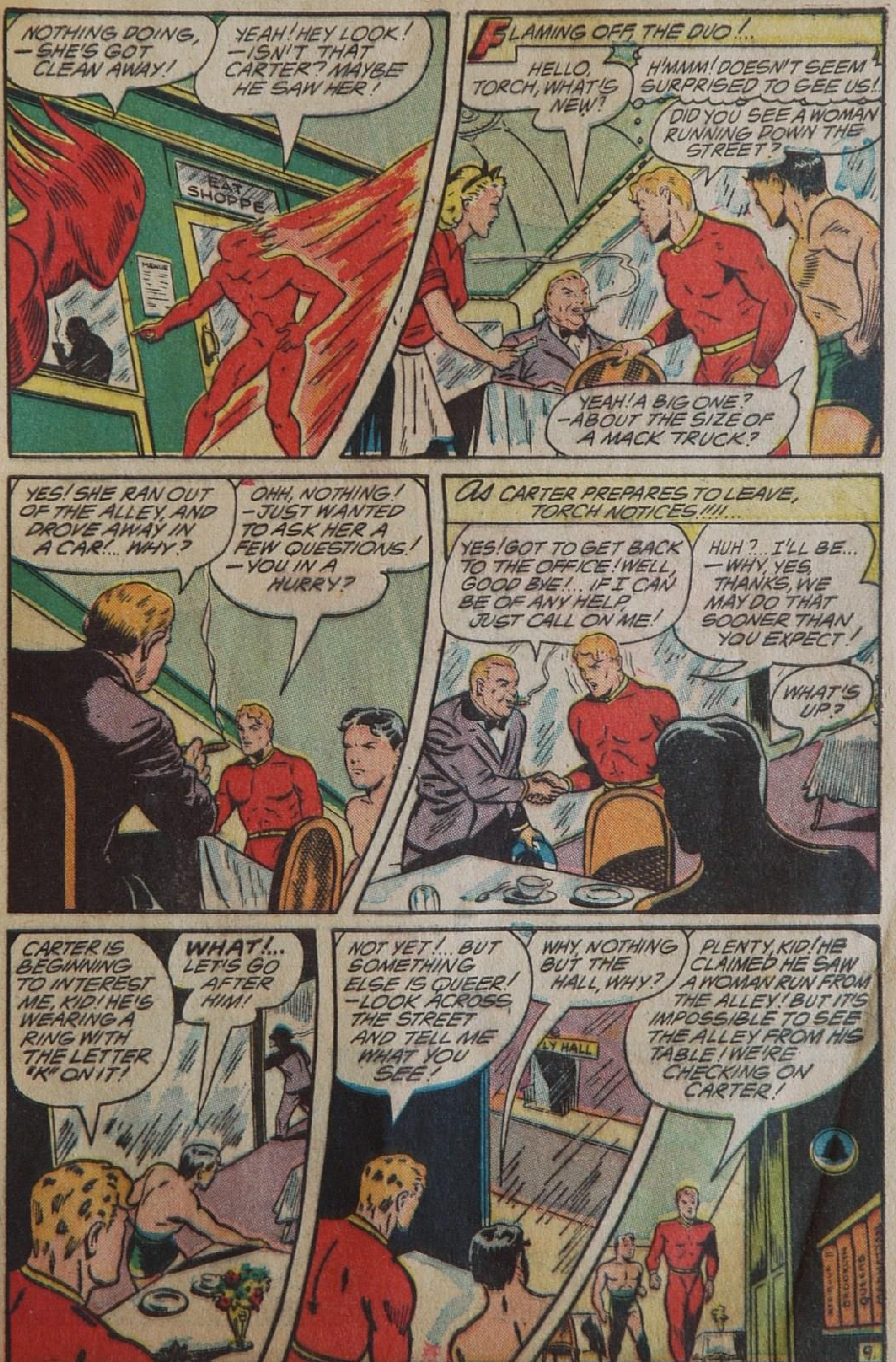
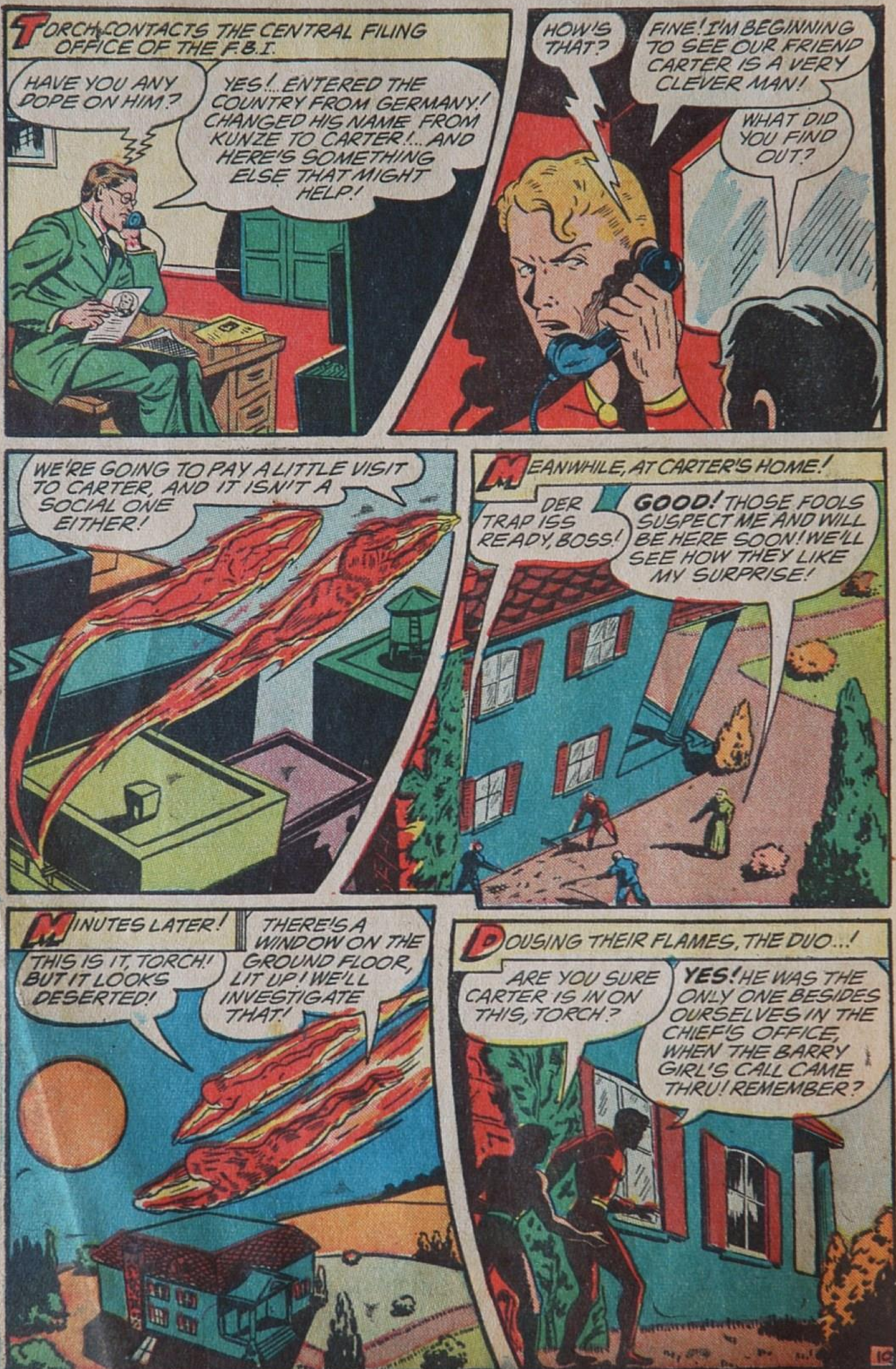

WHILE ABOVE!
TORCH! I HEARD A SCREAM!
SO DID I, WE'RE GOING DOWN!
A GIRL! GOOD LORD... IT'S LORRAINE BARRY! -GO AFTER THE KILLER! HE COULDN'T BE FAR!
RIGHT, TORCH!
SECONDS LATER!!!
NOTHING, TORCH! THE KILLER'S GONE! HOW'S THE GIRL!
WE ARE TOO LATE, KID! SHE'S DEAD... STRANGLED! BUT I FOUND A CLUE! LOOK!
WHAT CONNECTION CAN THIS MADAME X HAVE WITH LORRAINE BARRY'S DEATH?
I DON'T KNOW! SHE WAS AFRAID OF SOME WOMAN! IF WE FIND THIS MADAME X!...
Madame X requests the honor of your presence at: ODDLY HALL
WELL, WHERE DO WE BEGIN?
AT ODDLY HALL, TORO!
WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT ODDLY HALL!
VE NOW HAFF TWO DEATHS ON OUR HANDS! THE POLICE WILL BECOME SUSPICIOUS!
THE POLICE ARE FOOLS! BUT YOU ARE RIGHT! WE MUST CHANGE OUR PLANS!
MADAME! DER GIRLS ARE ARRIVING!

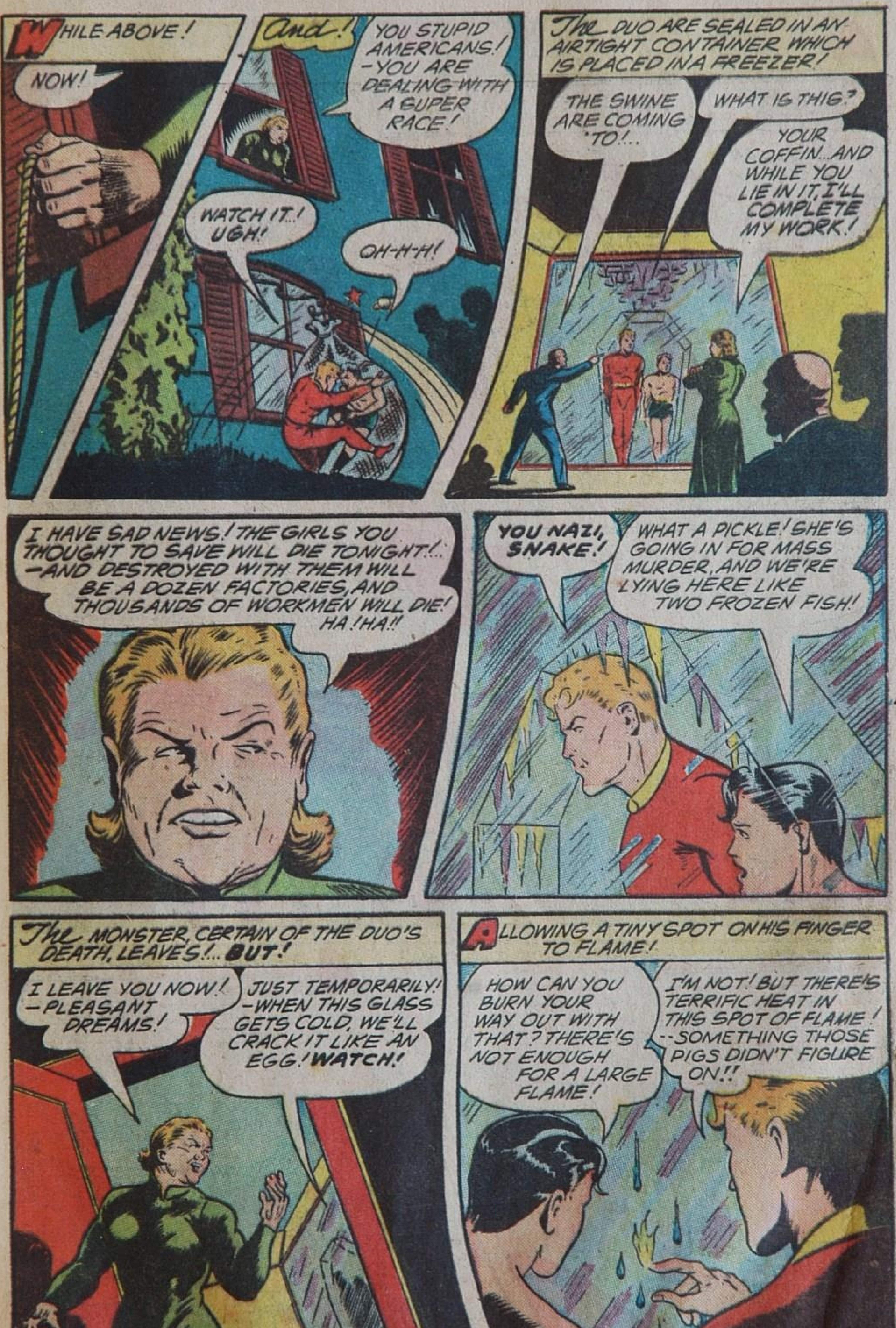

WHILE OUTSIDE!
THAT'S IT, TORCH! —FLAMING FIREFLYS, TWO GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO ENTER!
HMM! C'MON, WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!
CAFETERIA
ODDLY HALL
AS THE LAST GIRL FILES THRU THE DOOR!
TORCH! WHAT ARE WE - - - -
SHH! VOICES!
GOOD! YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE PLANS! —NOW I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU!
I'VE DECIDED TO RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR, ER... CONTRACTS! WAIT!
AH!
BUT ONLY AFTER YOU HAVE HELPED US DESTROY THE WAR PLANTS YOU WORK FOR!
YOU NAZI BUTCHERS! YOU'VE SCARED US INTO DOING YOUR DIRTY WORK, BUT THIS WE WON'T DO!
NO! KILL US LIKE YOU KILLED THE BARRY SISTERS! —BUT WE WON'T DO IT!
THE REFUSAL BRINGS FORTH A TYPICAL NAZI ANSWER!
YOU REFUSE? —PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MINDS!
TORCH! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
NOT JUST YET - - - -
THE BESTIAL TORTURE ONLY SERVES TO STRENGTHEN THEIR DETERMINATION, BUT!
THIS, IS HOW VE NAZI'S HANDLE STUBBORN WOMEN! YOU STILL REFUSE?
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, THE ANSWER IS STILL YES!
WAIT!
6.

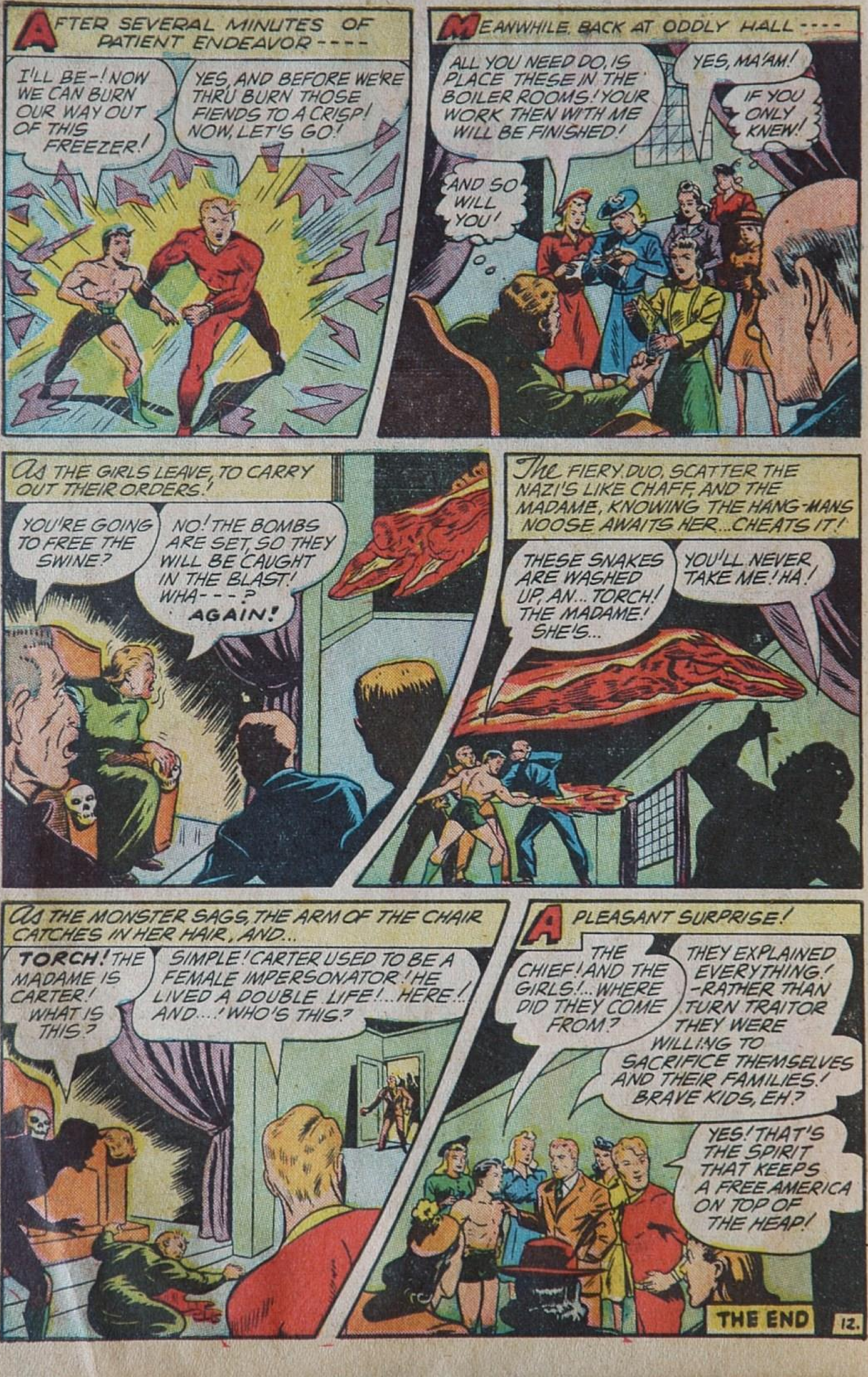

MADAME X TRIES ANOTHER NAZI WEAPON!
YOU REFUSE? THEN YOUR LOVED ONES SHALL DIE! MY HANDS AROUND THEIR THROATS... CHOKING! CAN YOU BEAR THE THOUGHT?
NO, PLEASE, WE'LL DO IT!
The COWED GIRLS RECEIVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS, AND...
REMEMBER! TOMORROW NIGHT YOU WILL COME FOR LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS!
NOW, TORCH?
YES, TORO, NOW!
HA! HA! THOSE FOOLS THOUGHT TO DEFY ME! WHA...
YOU'RE THE FOOL!
The FLAMING FIREBALLS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE NAZI THUGS!
THE TORCH! KILL HIM!
LET THEM HAVE IT, TORO!
HELP! HELP! WE SURRENDER!
NAZI SUPER SKUNKS!

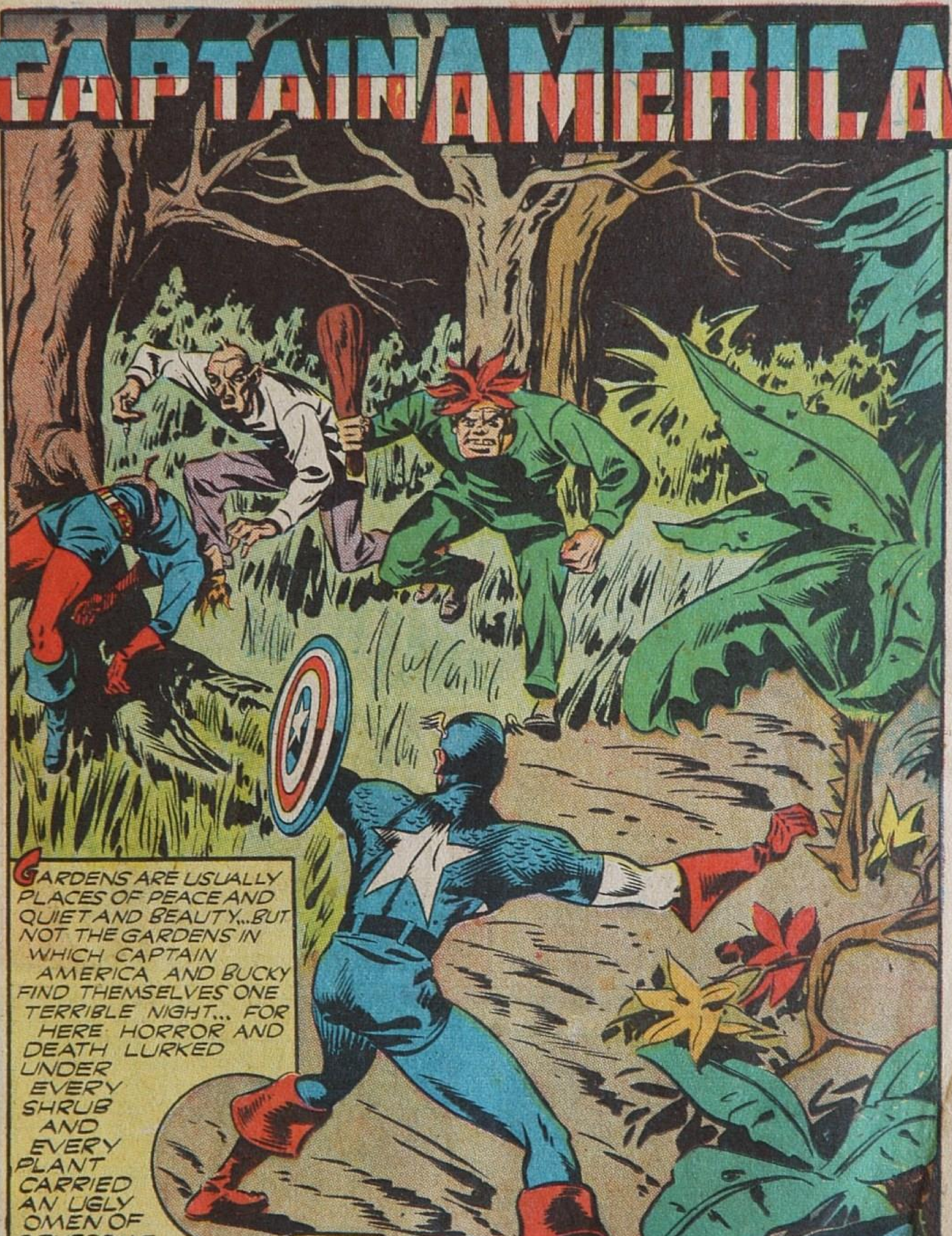

And WRAPPING THEM IN A ROPE OF FLAME
HEY, TORCH! I THINK THE MADAME IS GOING SOME PLACE!
NOT WITHOUT AN ESCORT!
FLAMING OFF, THE DUO, RACE FOR THE CURTAIN!
AMERICAN SWINE..! I SHALL YET FULFILL MY PLAN!
ONLY FOR YOUR OWN FINISH!
BUT!
UGH!
HA! HA! HA!
WHEW! WHAT A WALLOP!
A FEMALE GOLIATH! HEY, SHE LEFT HER CALLING CARD ON YOUR JAW!
I CAN FEEL IT! SHE MUST BE WEARING A RING! WE CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY!
FLAMING ON, THE TWIN FIRE BRANDS...
YOU GO THAT WAY! I'LL GO THIS...!

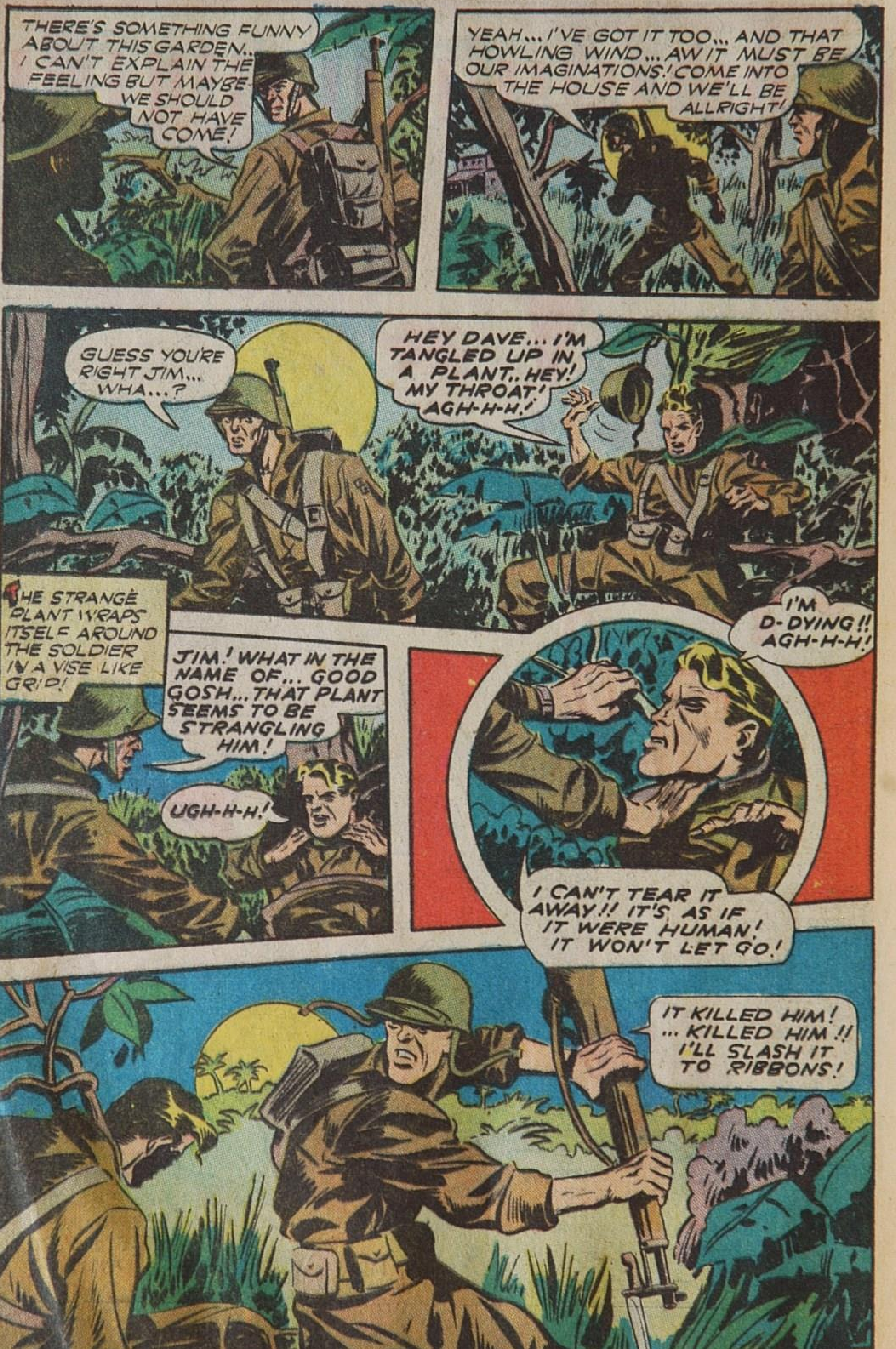

NOTHING DOING, —SHE'S GOT CLEAN AWAY!
YEAH! HEY LOOK! —ISN'T THAT CARTER? MAYBE HE SAW HER!
EAT SHOPPE
MENU
FLAMING OFF THE DUO!..
HELLO, TORCH, WHAT'S NEW?
H'MMM! DOESN'T SEEM SURPRISED TO SEE US!
DID YOU SEE A WOMAN RUNNING DOWN THE STREET?
YEAH! A BIG ONE? —ABOUT THE SIZE OF A MACK TRUCK?
YES! SHE RAN OUT OF THE ALLEY, AND DROVE AWAY IN A CAR!... WHY?
OHH, NOTHING! —JUST WANTED TO ASK HER A FEW QUESTIONS! —YOU IN A HURRY?
As CARTER PREPARES TO LEAVE, TORCH NOTICES!!!!...
YES! GOT TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE! WELL, GOOD BYE!... IF I CAN BE OF ANY HELP, JUST CALL ON ME!
HUH?... I'LL BE... —WHY, YES, THANKS, WE MAY DO THAT SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT!
WHAT'S UP?
CARTER IS BEGINNING TO INTEREST ME, KID! HE'S WEARING A RING WITH THE LETTER "K" ON IT!
WHAT!... LET'S GO AFTER HIM!
NOT YET!... BUT SOMETHING ELSE IS QUEER! —LOOK ACROSS THE STREET AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!
WHY, NOTHING BUT THE HALL, WHY?
LY HALL
PLENTY, KID! HE CLAIMED HE SAW A WOMAN RUN FROM THE ALLEY! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE THE ALLEY FROM HIS TABLE! WE'RE CHECKING ON CARTER!

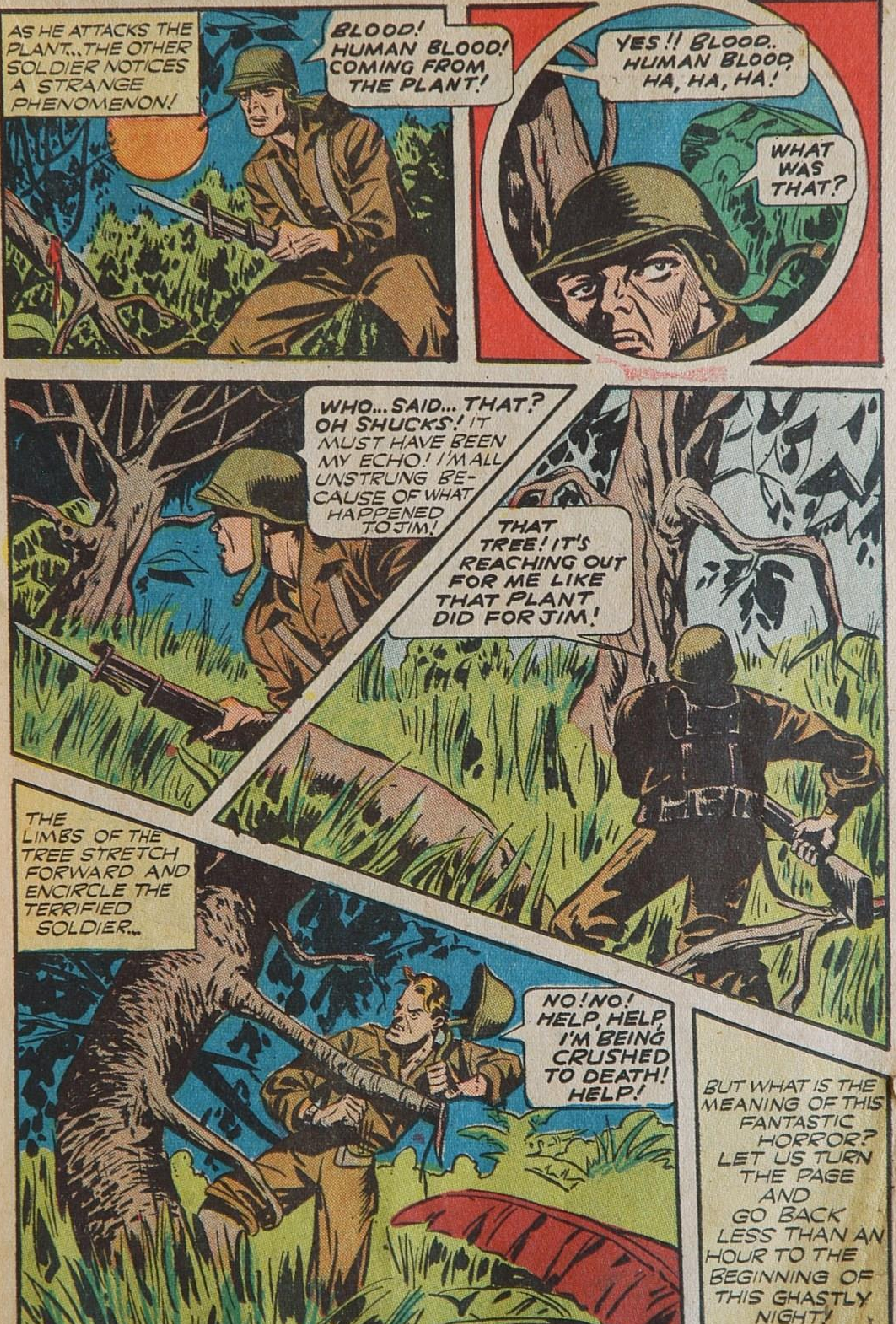

TORCH CONTACTS THE CENTRAL FILING OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.
HAVE YOU ANY DOPE ON HIM?
YES!... ENTERED THE COUNTRY FROM GERMANY! CHANGED HIS NAME FROM KUNZE TO CARTER!... AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT MIGHT HELP!
HOW'S THAT?
FINE! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE OUR FRIEND CARTER IS A VERY CLEVER MAN!
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?
WE'RE GOING TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT TO CARTER, AND IT ISN'T A SOCIAL ONE EITHER!
MEANWHILE, AT CARTER'S HOME!
DER TRAP ISS READY, BOSS!
GOOD! THOSE FOOLS SUSPECT ME AND WILL BE HERE SOON! WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE MY SURPRISE!
MINUTES LATER!
THIS IS IT, TORCH! BUT IT LOOKS DESERTED!
THERE'S A WINDOW ON THE GROUND FLOOR, LIT UP! WE'LL INVESTIGATE THAT!
DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, THE DUO...!
ARE YOU SURE CARTER IS IN ON THIS, TORCH?
YES! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE BESIDES OURSELVES IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE, WHEN THE BARRY GIRL'S CALL CAME THRU! REMEMBER?

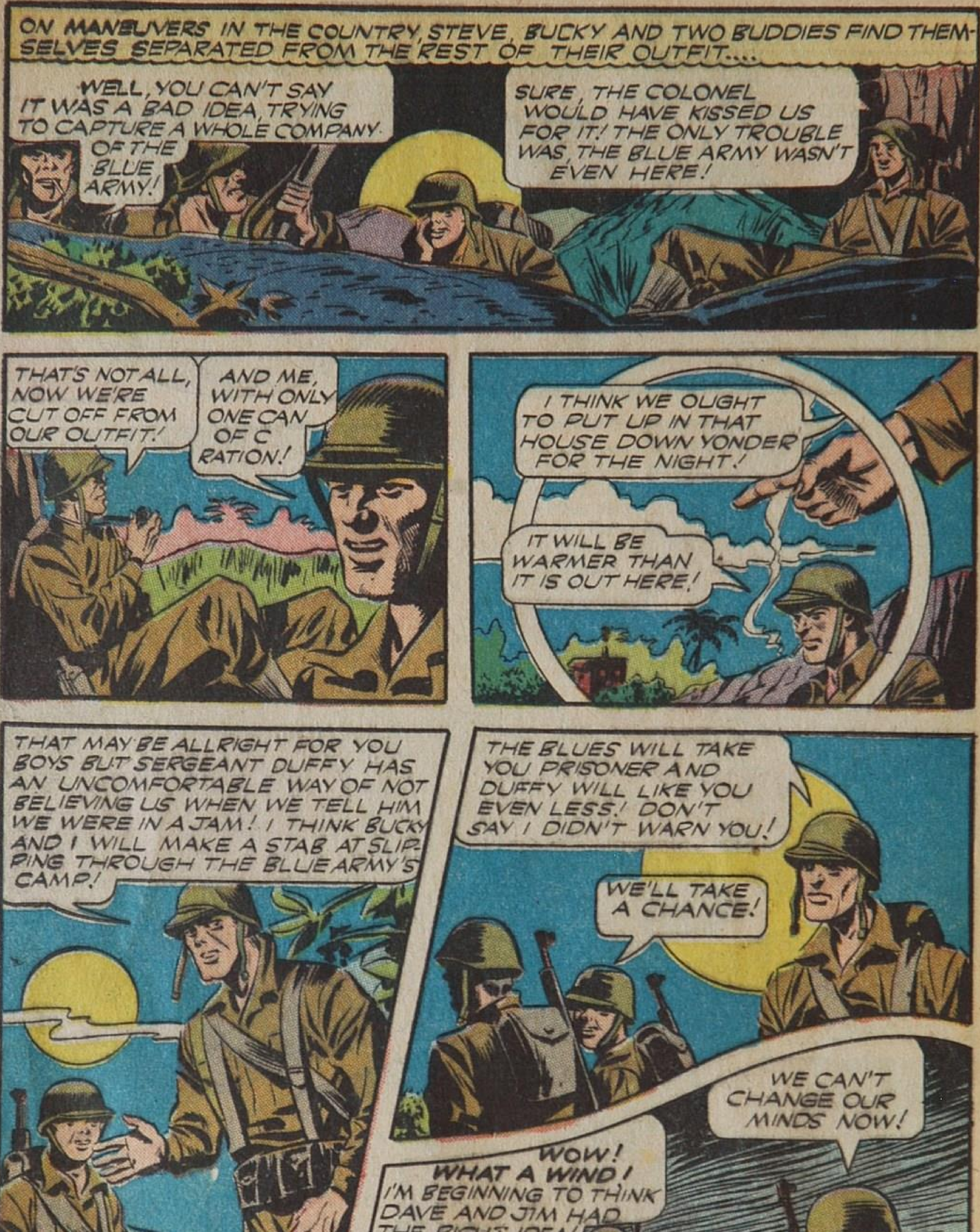

WHILE ABOVE!
NOW!
And!
YOU STUPID AMERICANS! -YOU ARE DEALING WITH A SUPER RACE!
WATCH IT!.. UGH!
OH-H-H!
The DUO ARE SEALED IN AN AIRTIGHT CONTAINER WHICH IS PLACED IN A FREEZER!
THE SWINE ARE COMING 'TO'!...
WHAT IS THIS?
YOUR COFFIN...AND WHILE YOU LIE IN IT, I'LL COMPLETE MY WORK!
I HAVE SAD NEWS! THE GIRLS YOU THOUGHT TO SAVE WILL DIE TONIGHT!... -AND DESTROYED WITH THEM WILL BE A DOZEN FACTORIES, AND THOUSANDS OF WORKMEN WILL DIE! HA! HA!!
YOU NAZI, SNAKE!
WHAT A PICKLE! SHE'S GOING IN FOR MASS MURDER, AND WE'RE LYING HERE LIKE TWO FROZEN FISH!
The MONSTER, CERTAIN OF THE DUO'S DEATH, LEAVES!... BUT!
I LEAVE YOU NOW! -PLEASANT DREAMS!
JUST TEMPORARILY! -WHEN THIS GLASS GETS COLD, WE'LL CRACK IT LIKE AN EGG! WATCH!
ALLOWING A TINY SPOT ON HIS FINGER TO FLAME!
HOW CAN YOU BURN YOUR WAY OUT WITH THAT? THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOR A LARGE FLAME!
I'M NOT! BUT THERE'S TERRIFIC HEAT IN THIS SPOT OF FLAME! --SOMETHING THOSE PIGS DIDN'T FIGURE ON!!

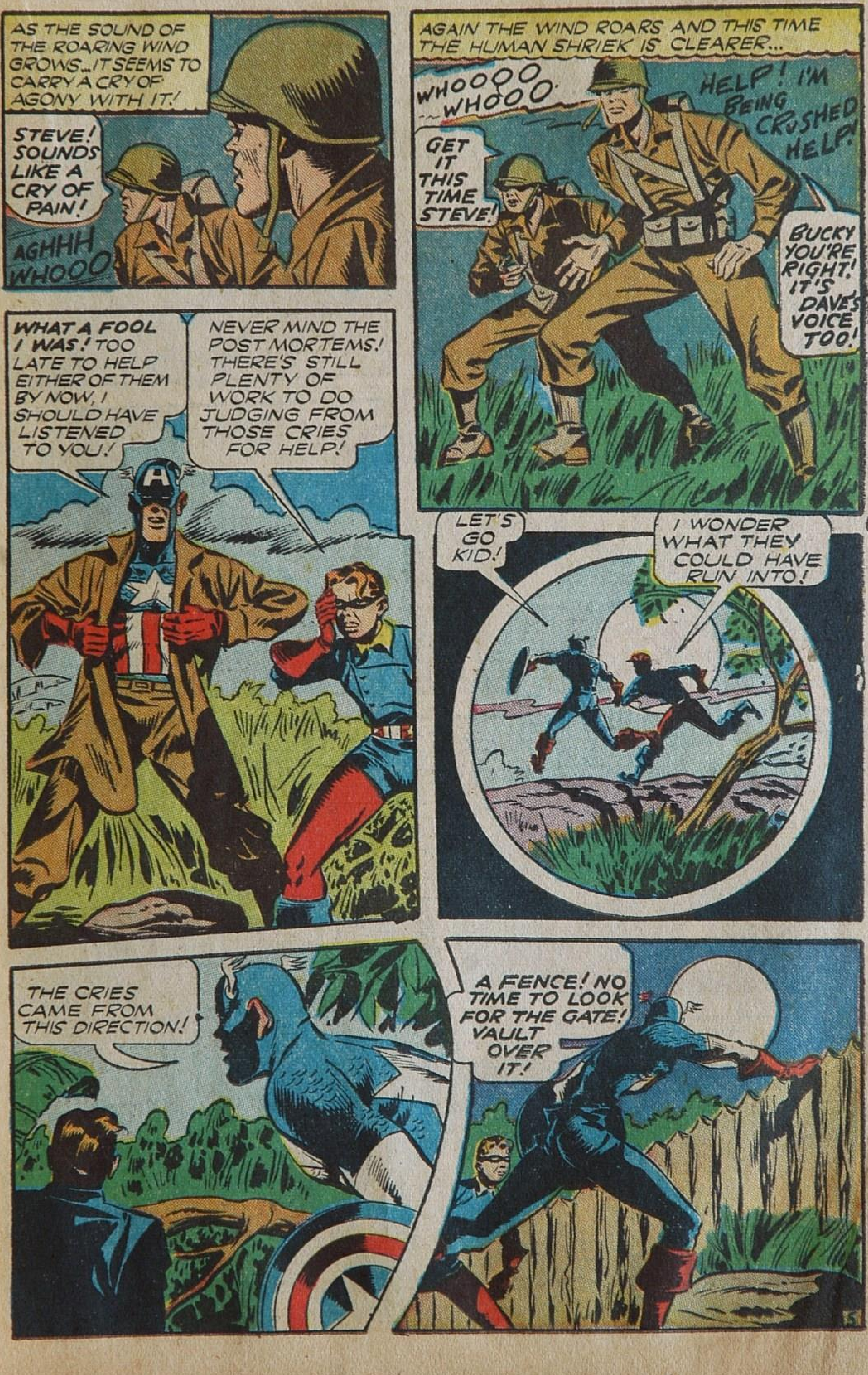

AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES OF PATIENT ENDEAVOR----
I'LL BE-! NOW WE CAN BURN OUR WAY OUT OF THIS FREEZER!
YES, AND BEFORE WE'RE THRU BURN THOSE FIENDS TO A CRISP! NOW, LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT ODDLY HALL----
ALL YOU NEED DO, IS PLACE THESE IN THE BOILER ROOMS! YOUR WORK THEN WITH ME WILL BE FINISHED!
AND SO WILL YOU!
YES, MA'AM!
IF YOU ONLY KNEW!
AS THE GIRLS LEAVE, TO CARRY OUT THEIR ORDERS!
YOU'RE GOING TO FREE THE SWINE?
NO! THE BOMBS ARE SET, SO THEY WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST! WHA---? AGAIN!
THE FIERY DUO, SCATTER THE NAZI'S LIKE CHAFF, AND THE MADAME, KNOWING THE HANG-MANS NOOSE AWAITS HER...CHEATS IT!
THESE SNAKES ARE WASHED UP, AN... TORCH! THE MADAME! SHE'S...
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME! HA!
AS THE MONSTER SAGS, THE ARM OF THE CHAIR CATCHES IN HER HAIR, AND...
TORCH! THE MADAME IS CARTER! WHAT IS THIS?
SIMPLE! CARTER USED TO BE A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR! HE LIVED A DOUBLE LIFE!...HERE!... AND...! WHO'S THIS?
A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
THE CHIEF! AND THE GIRLS!...WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
THEY EXPLAINED EVERYTHING! -RATHER THAN TURN TRAITOR THEY WERE WILLING TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES AND THEIR FAMILIES! BRAVE KIDS, EH?
YES! THAT'S THE SPIRIT THAT KEEPS A FREE AMERICA ON TOP OF THE HEAP!
THE END

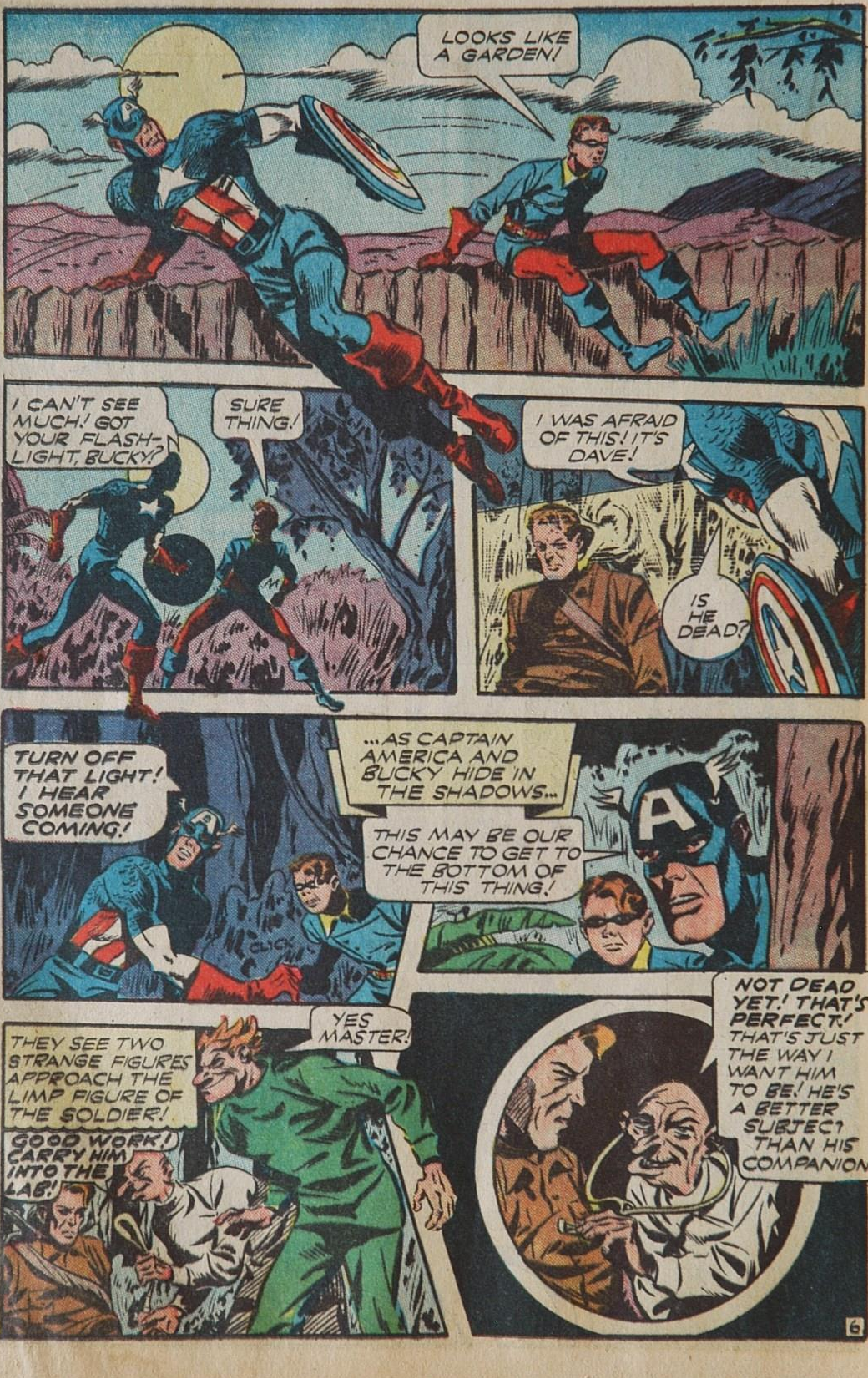

CAPTAIN AMERICA
GARDENS ARE USUALLY PLACES OF PEACE AND QUIET AND BEAUTY...BUT NOT THE GARDENS IN WHICH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIND THEMSELVES ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT... FOR HERE HORROR AND DEATH LURKED UNDER EVERY SHRUB AND EVERY PLANT CARRIED AN UGLY OMEN OF GRUESOME EVENTS TO COME.....CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY KNEW THAT THERE ARE MEN TO WHOM NO PLACE IS SACRED AGAINST THE MACHINATIONS OF EVIL AND BRAVED A BRAND OF HORROR... HITHER UNKNOWN TO MAN...... IN A GRIM ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE GARDENS OF DOOM!
In the GARDENS OF DOOM

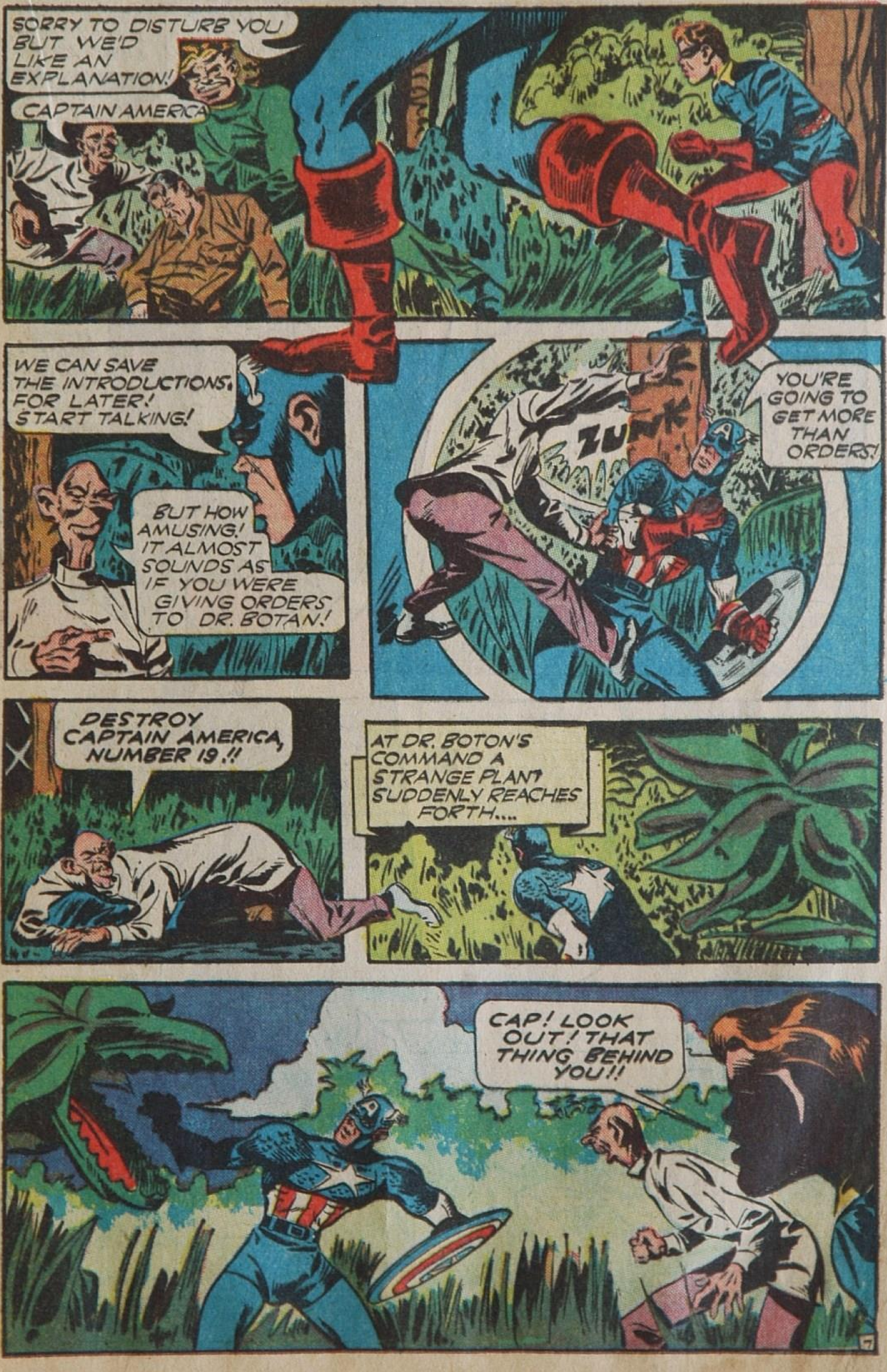

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS GARDEN.. I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE FEELING BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD NOT HAVE COME!
YEAH... I'VE GOT IT TOO... AND THAT HOWLING WIND... AW IT MUST BE OUR IMAGINATIONS! COME INTO THE HOUSE AND WE'LL BE ALLRIGHT!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT JIM... WHA...?
HEY DAVE... I'M TANGLED UP IN A PLANT.. HEY! MY THROAT! AGH-H-H!
THE STRANGE PLANT WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE SOLDIER IN A VISE LIKE GRIP!
JIM! WHAT IN THE NAME OF... GOOD GOSH... THAT PLANT SEEMS TO BE STRANGLING HIM!
UGH-H-H!
I'M D-DYING!! AGH-H-H!
I CAN'T TEAR IT AWAY!! IT'S AS IF IT WERE HUMAN! IT WON'T LET GO!
IT KILLED HIM! ...KILLED HIM!! I'LL SLASH IT TO RIBBONS!

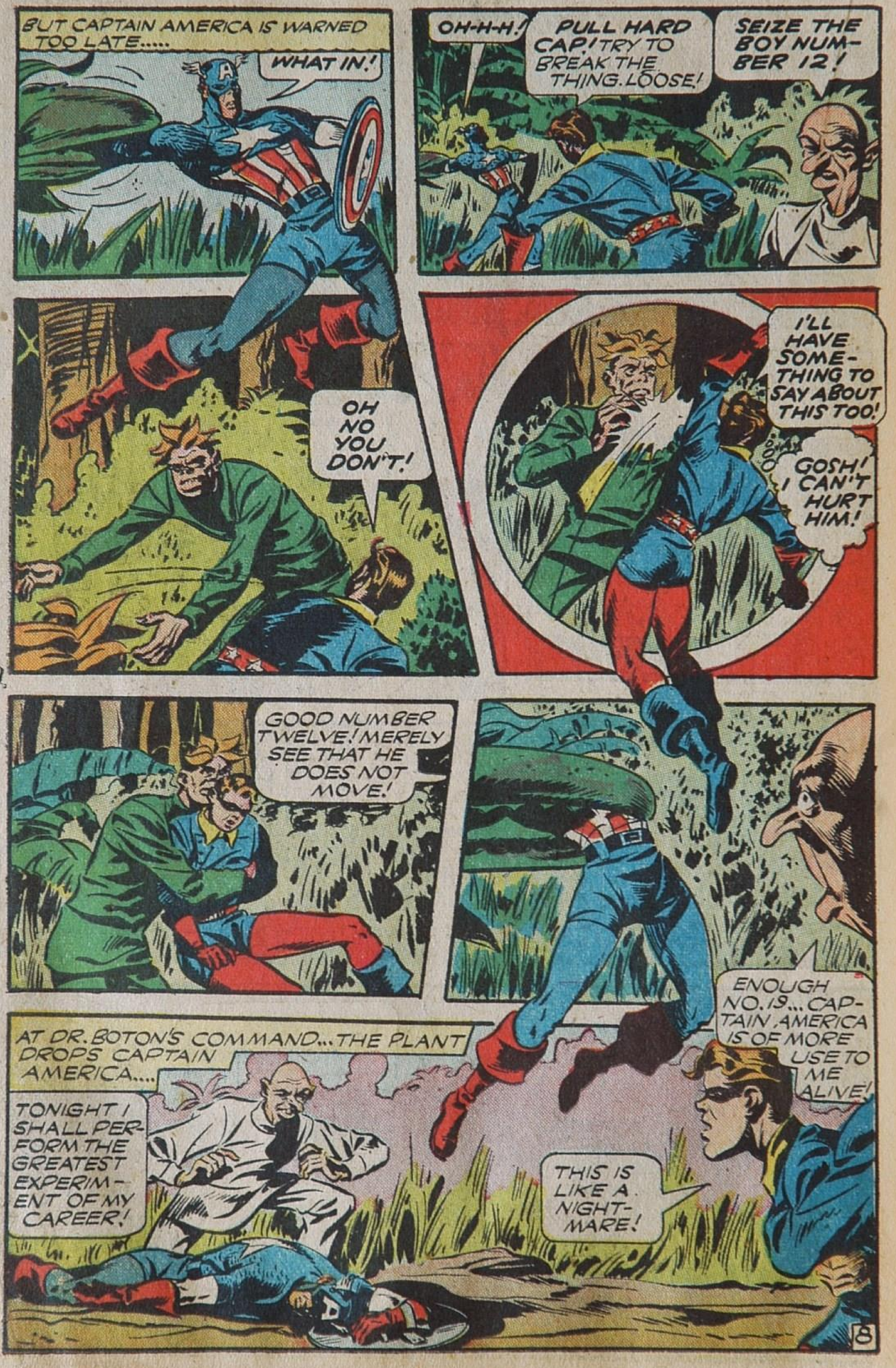

AS HE ATTACKS THE PLANT...THE OTHER SOLDIER NOTICES A STRANGE PHENOMENON!
BLOOD! HUMAN BLOOD! COMING FROM THE PLANT!
YES!! BLOOD.. HUMAN BLOOD, HA, HA, HA!
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHO...SAID...THAT? OH SHUCKS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY ECHO! I'M ALL UNSTRUNG BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO JIM!
THAT TREE! IT'S REACHING OUT FOR ME LIKE THAT PLANT DID FOR JIM!
THE LIMBS OF THE TREE STRETCH FORWARD AND ENCIRCLE THE TERRIFIED SOLDIER...
NO! NO! HELP, HELP, I'M BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH! HELP!
BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS FANTASTIC HORROR? LET US TURN THE PAGE AND GO BACK LESS THAN AN HOUR TO THE BEGINNING OF THIS GHASTLY NIGHT!
3

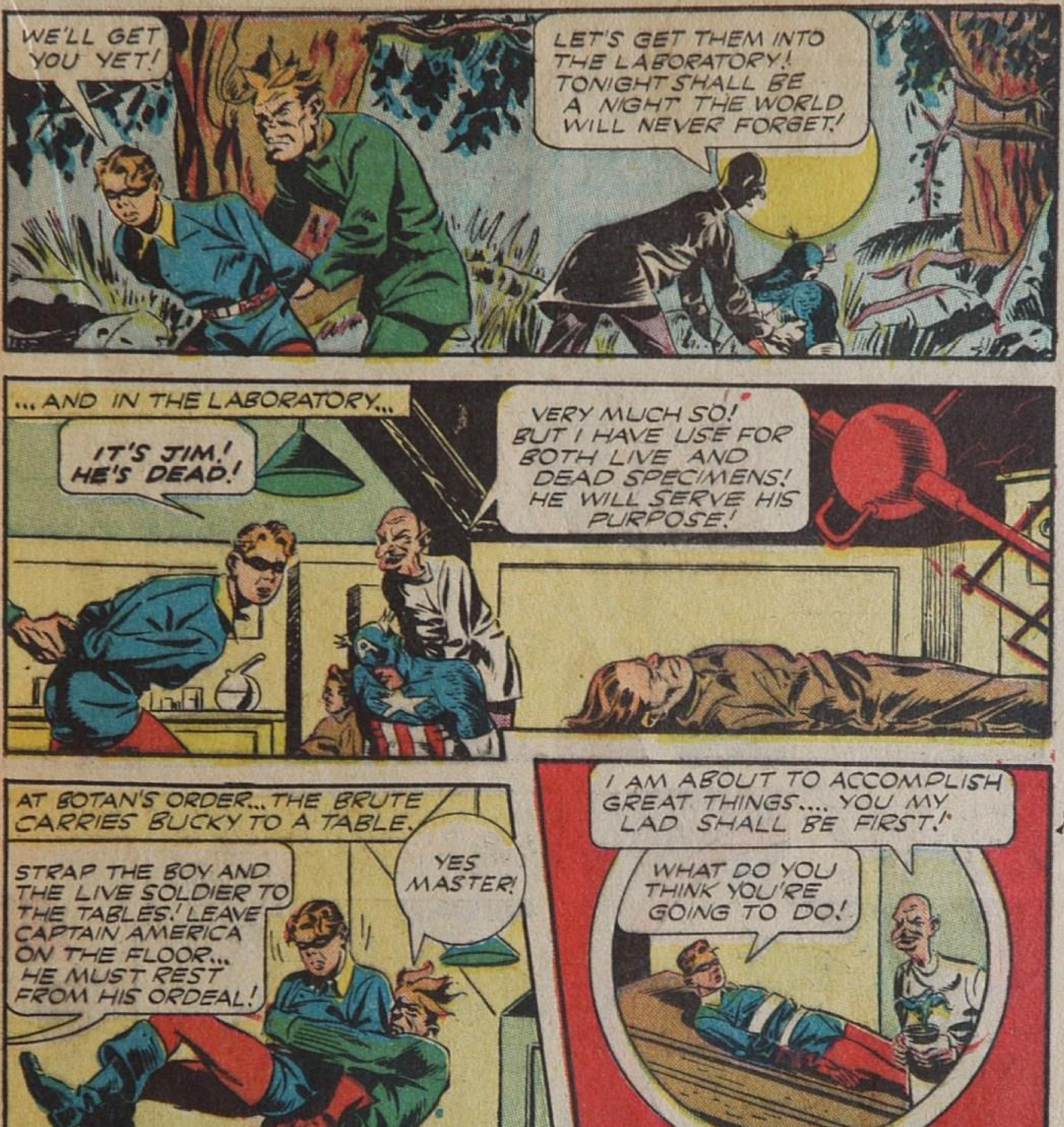

ON MANEUVERS IN THE COUNTRY, STEVE, BUCKY AND TWO BUDDIES FIND THEMSELVES SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THEIR OUTFIT....
WELL, YOU CAN'T SAY IT WAS A BAD IDEA, TRYING TO CAPTURE A WHOLE COMPANY OF THE BLUE ARMY!
SURE, THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE KISSED US FOR IT! THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS, THE BLUE ARMY WASN'T EVEN HERE!
THAT'S NOT ALL, NOW WE'RE CUT OFF FROM OUR OUTFIT!
AND ME, WITH ONLY ONE CAN OF C RATION!
I THINK WE OUGHT TO PUT UP IN THAT HOUSE DOWN YONDER FOR THE NIGHT!
IT WILL BE WARMER THAN IT IS OUT HERE!
THAT MAY BE ALLRIGHT FOR YOU BOYS BUT SERGEANT DUFFY HAS AN UNCOMFORTABLE WAY OF NOT BELIEVING US WHEN WE TELL HIM WE WERE IN A JAM! I THINK BUCKY AND I WILL MAKE A STAB AT SLIPPING THROUGH THE BLUE ARMY'S CAMP!
THE BLUES WILL TAKE YOU PRISONER AND DUFFY WILL LIKE YOU EVEN LESS! DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!
WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
WOW! WHAT A WIND! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK DAVE AND JIM HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!
WE CAN'T CHANGE OUR MINDS NOW!

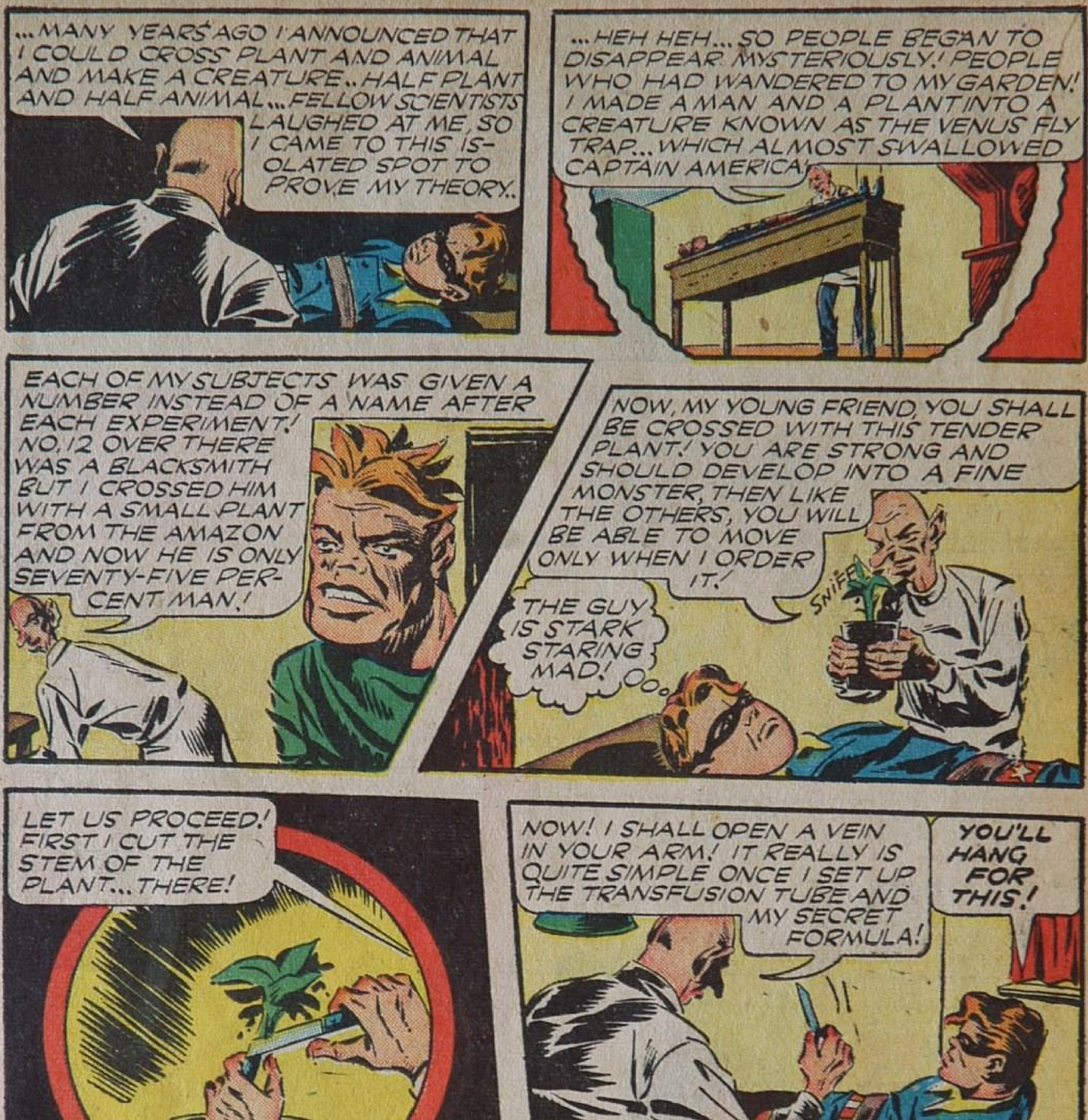

AS THE SOUND OF THE ROARING WIND GROWS...IT SEEMS TO CARRY A CRY OF AGONY WITH IT!
STEVE! SOUNDS LIKE A CRY OF PAIN!
AGHHH WHOOO
AGAIN THE WIND ROARS AND THIS TIME THE HUMAN SHRIEK IS CLEARER...
WHOOOO WHOOO
HELP! I'M BEING CRUSHED HELP!
GET IT THIS TIME STEVE!
BUCKY YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S DAVE'S VOICE TOO!
WHAT A FOOL I WAS! TOO LATE TO HELP EITHER OF THEM BY NOW, I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU!
NEVER MIND THE POST MORTEMS! THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF WORK TO DO JUDGING FROM THOSE CRIES FOR HELP!
LET'S GO KID!
I WONDER WHAT THEY COULD HAVE RUN INTO!
THE CRIES CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!
A FENCE! NO TIME TO LOOK FOR THE GATE! VAULT OVER IT!

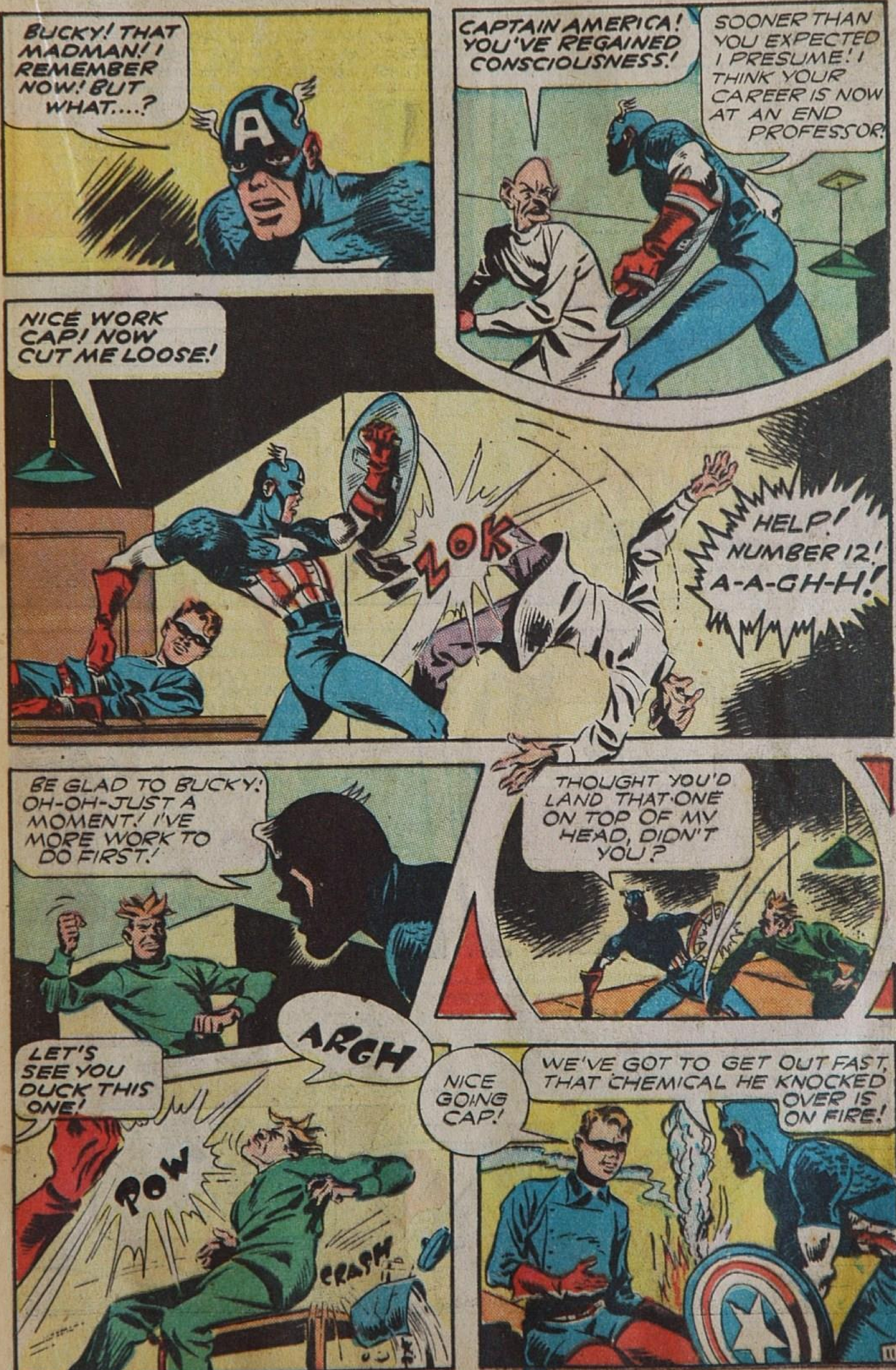

LOOKS LIKE A GARDEN!
I CAN'T SEE MUCH! GOT YOUR FLASH-LIGHT, BUCKY?
SURE THING!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! IT'S DAVE!
IS HE DEAD?
TURN OFF THAT LIGHT! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!
CLICK
...AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HIDE IN THE SHADOWS...
THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING!
THEY SEE TWO STRANGE FIGURES APPROACH THE LIMP FIGURE OF THE SOLDIER!
YES MASTER!
GOOD WORK! CARRY HIM INTO THE LAB!
NOT DEAD YET! THAT'S PERFECT! THAT'S JUST THE WAY I WANT HIM TO BE! HE'S A BETTER SUBJECT THAN HIS COMPANION!

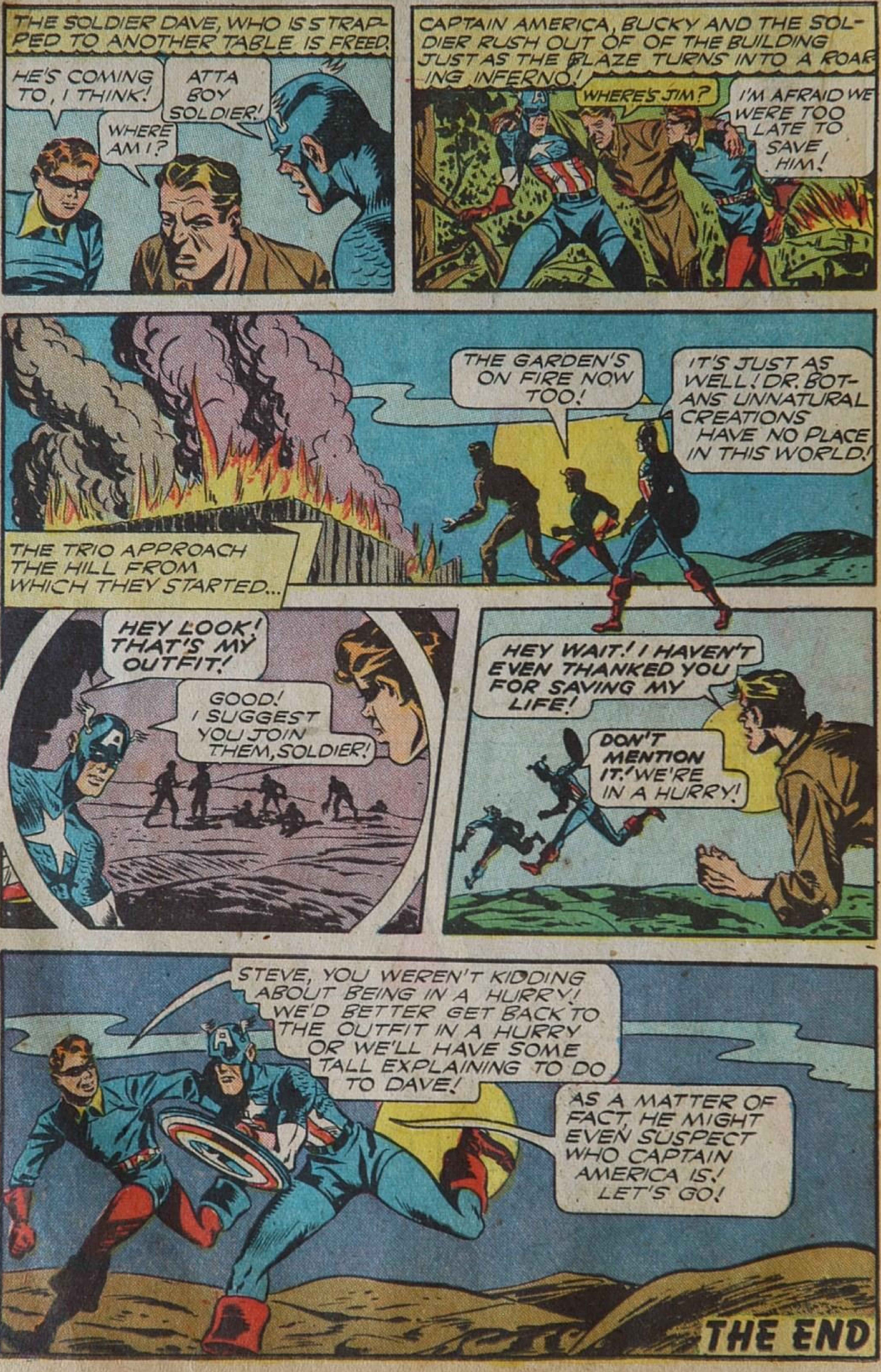

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU BUT WE'D LIKE AN EXPLANATION!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
WE CAN SAVE THE INTRODUCTIONS FOR LATER! START TALKING!
BUT HOW AMUSING! IT ALMOST SOUNDS AS IF YOU WERE GIVING ORDERS TO DR. BOTAN!
ZUNK
YOU'RE GOING TO GET MORE THAN ORDERS!
DESTROY CAPTAIN AMERICA, NUMBER 19.!!
AT DR. BOTON'S COMMAND A STRANGE PLANT SUDDENLY REACHES FORTH....
CAP! LOOK OUT! THAT THING BEHIND YOU!!


BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS WARNED TOO LATE.....
WHAT IN!
OH-H-H!
PULL HARD CAP! TRY TO BREAK THE THING LOOSE!
SEIZE THE BOY NUMBER 12!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS TOO!
OOO
GOSH! I CAN'T HURT HIM!
GOOD NUMBER TWELVE! MERELY SEE THAT HE DOES NOT MOVE!
ENOUGH NO. 19... CAPTAIN AMERICA IS OF MORE USE TO ME ALIVE!
AT DR. BOTON'S COMMAND... THE PLANT DROPS CAPTAIN AMERICA....
TONIGHT I SHALL PERFORM THE GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF MY CAREER!
THIS IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!
8


WE'LL GET YOU YET!
LET'S GET THEM INTO THE LABORATORY! TONIGHT SHALL BE A NIGHT THE WORLD WILL NEVER FORGET!
... AND IN THE LABORATORY...
IT'S JIM! HE'S DEAD!
VERY MUCH SO! BUT I HAVE USE FOR BOTH LIVE AND DEAD SPECIMENS! HE WILL SERVE HIS PURPOSE!
AT BOTAN'S ORDER... THE BRUTE CARRIES BUCKY TO A TABLE.
STRAP THE BOY AND THE LIVE SOLDIER TO THE TABLES! LEAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA ON THE FLOOR... HE MUST REST FROM HIS ORDEAL!
YES MASTER!
I AM ABOUT TO ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS.... YOU MY LAD SHALL BE FIRST!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO!
I DO NOT THINK, INSOLENT BOY! I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
HEY!
SMACK
... HOWEVER, I DO NOT MIND EXPLAINING... THE HORROR YOU WILL EXPERIENCE... WHEN I TELL YOU OF YOUR IMPENDING FATE, WILL ACTIVATE YOUR ADRENAL GLANDS AND MAKE MY WORK MORE SUCCESSFUL!


...MANY YEARS AGO I ANNOUNCED THAT I COULD CROSS PLANT AND ANIMAL AND MAKE A CREATURE.. HALF PLANT AND HALF ANIMAL... FELLOW SCIENTISTS LAUGHED AT ME, SO I CAME TO THIS ISOLATED SPOT TO PROVE MY THEORY..
...HEH HEH... SO PEOPLE BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY! PEOPLE WHO HAD WANDERED TO MY GARDEN! I MADE A MAN AND A PLANT INTO A CREATURE KNOWN AS THE VENUS FLY TRAP... WHICH ALMOST SWALLOWED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
EACH OF MY SUBJECTS WAS GIVEN A NUMBER INSTEAD OF A NAME AFTER EACH EXPERIMENT! NO. 12 OVER THERE WAS A BLACKSMITH BUT I CROSSED HIM WITH A SMALL PLANT FROM THE AMAZON AND NOW HE IS ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT MAN!
NOW, MY YOUNG FRIEND, YOU SHALL BE CROSSED WITH THIS TENDER PLANT! YOU ARE STRONG AND SHOULD DEVELOP INTO A FINE MONSTER, THEN LIKE THE OTHERS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MOVE ONLY WHEN I ORDER IT!
SNIFF
THE GUY IS STARK STARING MAD!
LET US PROCEED! FIRST I CUT THE STEM OF THE PLANT... THERE!
NOW! I SHALL OPEN A VEIN IN YOUR ARM! IT REALLY IS QUITE SIMPLE ONCE I SET UP THE TRANSFUSION TUBE AND MY SECRET FORMULA!
YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS!
AS DR. BOTAN WORKS HE FORGETS ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA WHOSE AMAZING POWERS ARE REVIVING HIM SOONER THAN EXPECTED!
WHERE AM I? WHAT GOES ON HERE?


BUCKY! THAT MADMAN!! I REMEMBER NOW! BUT WHAT....?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'VE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!
SOONER THAN YOU EXPECTED I PRESUME! I THINK YOUR CAREER IS NOW AT AN END PROFESSOR!
NICE WORK CAP! NOW CUT ME LOOSE!
ZOK
HELP! NUMBER 12! A-A-GH-H!
BE GLAD TO BUCKY! OH-OH-JUST A MOMENT! I'VE MORE WORK TO DO FIRST!
THOUGHT YOU'D LAND THAT ONE ON TOP OF MY HEAD, DIDN'T YOU?
ARGH
LET'S SEE YOU DUCK THIS ONE!
POW
CRASH
NICE GOING CAP!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT FAST, THAT CHEMICAL HE KNOCKED OVER IS ON FIRE!
11


THE SOLDIER DAVE, WHO IS STRAPPED TO ANOTHER TABLE IS FREED.
HE'S COMING TO, I THINK!
ATTA BOY SOLDIER!
WHERE AM I?
CAPTAIN AMERICA, BUCKY AND THE SOLDIER RUSH OUT OF OF THE BUILDING JUST AS THE BLAZE TURNS INTO A ROARING INFERNO!
WHERE'S JIM?
I'M AFRAID WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!
THE GARDEN'S ON FIRE NOW TOO!
IT'S JUST AS WELL! DR. BOTANS UNNATURAL CREATIONS HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD!
THE TRIO APPROACH THE HILL FROM WHICH THEY STARTED...
HEY LOOK! THAT'S MY OUTFIT!
GOOD! I SUGGEST YOU JOIN THEM, SOLDIER!
HEY WAIT! I HAVEN'T EVEN THANKED YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE!
DON'T MENTION IT! WE'RE IN A HURRY!
STEVE, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING ABOUT BEING IN A HURRY! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE OUTFIT IN A HURRY OR WE'LL HAVE SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO TO DAVE!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE MIGHT EVEN SUSPECT WHO CAPTAIN AMERICA IS! LET'S GO!
THE END

HOOFS OF DOOM

LON CHAMBERS sat up quickly, instantly alert. He flung the horse blanket off his wide shoulders. A sense of danger drew his nerves as taut as fence wire.

Beyond the flimsy board partition that screened the harness room from the livery-stable office, Lon had been awakened by a voice speaking his name in anger.

He had been dreaming when the warning note of danger penetrated his sleep — reliving the day just past: a hard day on the trail from his snow-bound horse ranch in the foot-hills. He had seen again the stoic trapper with the broken leg; the big bob-sled team floundering helplessly in the soft drifts; the time when he'd turned back; then the bright idea had come—using his half-wild mustang herd to break trail for the sled-team. All day in freezing cold the tough mustangs had plodded doggedly ahead. At sundown they had reached the Trail City settlement and a doctor. The injured trapper was given immediate attention.

Lon had intended to spend the night with a rancher friend a mile out of town, but he had flopped onto a pile of horse blankets for a short nap.

The conversation was being resumed in a louder tone. Lon listened intently.

An arrogant voice chuckled:

"Old man Chambers'll bust a hamstring when he hears I got away with his son's horses. These broomies'll save my job. The boss wired: 'Send a couple car-loads, or else . . .' "

"You're a fool, Berger!" another man cut in. "The boy's around—he won't let you get away with it. They say he's tough when riled."

Berger muttered curses.

"I've handled tough guys before," he growled, "and helped bury 'em. I carry a gun for business, not for decoration."

ANGER surged through Lon's veins. He stood up, wishing he had the gun he had left with his saddle.

"It's a cinch," Berger was explaining. "I bought the Chambers' horse brand, which entitled me to all the horses I could round up on his range this month. But I hung around town too long. Now the boss has me on the spot. I'll grab these two carloads of CH nags and save my job. Neat—what?"

"There's a catch somewhere," said Berger's partner. "The boy's broomies aren't off the old man's range, even if they do still have the CH brand."

"Who cares?" Berger snorted. "The kid's probably sleepin'. The sheriff's out at his ranch, feedin' his cows. Nobody'll get wise until the cars are loaded and rollin'. The freight's due in right away. The Mex' section crew cleared the stock-pen siding and spotted two stock cars. Let's start loadin' the willow-tails!"

Lon stepped around the partition. He stopped before Berger, stared steadily at the squat, red-faced horse buyer.

"I reckon you won't be loadin' my horses, Berger," he said coolly. "I'm goin' to run you buzzards out of town. Your business smells."

Berge's face grew purple. His pudgy hand pawed toward the bulge in his coat.

LON lunged at him, shoving aside the scrawny-looking partner, who had been standing silently to one side. Lon slugged Berger against the wall, held him there as they wrestled for the gun.

Out of the corner of his eye Lon saw the scrawny man grab the iron stove poker. He ducked a terrific swing of the rod, but the next one caught him above the ear. He saw a herd of stars stampede in his head, then slumped to the floor. . . .

A wailing cry reverberated across the snow. It penetrated the log-walled building of Trail City. Lon heard it through the dull pain in his head. Coyotes, he thought, and realized instantly that it was not coyotes but the weekly freight train struggling up the snow-packed grade north of Trail City.

He tried to think clearly, to shake the stupor that was like a bewildering blizzard. He attempted to move and knew he was bound with rope. A dirty cloth was fastened across his mouth. As he lay on the horse blankets behind the partition, he wondered when the livery-stable attendant would be through feeding the stable horses.

LON tried to yell, but the strip of grain sack was tight across his mouth. He flexed his muscles against the rope; but it, too, was tied effectively. He heard crunching footsteps pass on the icy boardwalk out front. From the direction of the stock-yards came the hiss of steam from the engine, awaiting departure from Trail City.

Lon had spoken up against his father on the horse deal with Berger. He hadn't liked the horse-buyer, who had a reputation of cruelty to animals and crooked dealing in business. There was a lot of feeling in the country against selling the scrubby, wild range horses to buyers who shipped them east to glue factories, tankage plants and processors of dog and fish food. The thought of his ponies' being used for such a purpose caused Lon to strain his bruised wrists against the rope.

His horse ranch was his great ambition. He loved horses. He had purchased a full-blooded Morgan stallion. The crossing of Morgan and mustang blood should produce hardy saddle stock for the booming dude ranch trade.

Lon could hear the engine switching on the siding. They might be loading the horses now!

He twisted his arms with all his strength, ignoring the sharp pain it caused. The rope slackened and in a few minutes he had worked one hand free. Then he unfastened his legs, but for a while he could hardly stand

THE gun was gone from the saddle where he had left it. He went out on the snow-packed street. The orange-colored engine headlight shone through the clear, bluish light from the moon.

There was no time to lose. He struck out for the stock-pens. For a moment he forgot he was unarmed — that Berger and his partner were desperate men. He knew only that in some way he must save his horses.

White clouds of steam were drifting over the settlement. A brakeman's lantern blinked red signals to the engineer. There was commotion at the stock-loading chute.

Lon grabbed a pine-limb club off the section foreman's wood-pile. Cold anger blinded him to the danger of Berger's gun.

Before him was the whitewashed stock-yard fence. The high gate was like a hangman's gibbet against the star-studded sky. Within the enclosure the mustangs were milling wildly around. Hoofs clattered and pounded up the loading-chute runway. On a plank stood a man prodding at the frightened horses.

LON swung his club. The man pitched down into the snow.

Then Lon saw the shadow of Berger's squat body. The horse-buyer was crouching behind him, the muzzle touching Lon's coat.

Lon whirled, swinging the club at Berger's head. His catlike blow deflected Berger's gun arm and sent the wild shot thudding into a post.

The gunman leaped back from Lon's club. The gun arm rose again. Lon was against the gate post, bracing himself to leap forward. Then a sickening realization came to him that he was too far from Berger now, and this time the bullet wouldn't miss.

The milling horses, now frantic, slammed against the fence, surged against the gate. Moonlight outlined the gun steel.

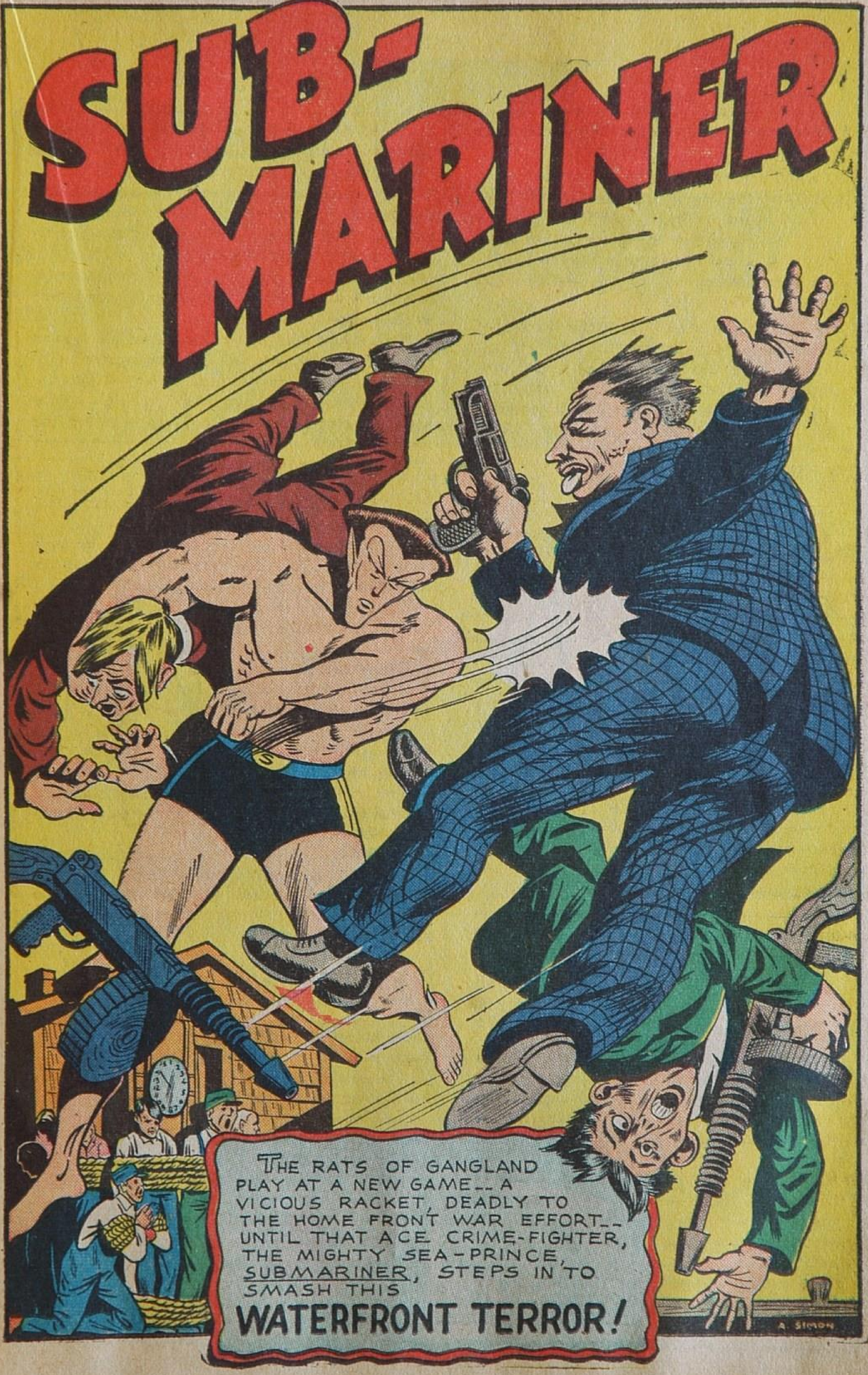
Lon's fingers touched the cold iron gate-hook. He jerked up on the crooked iron. The gate swung out. Mustangs plunged through the opening like water through a burst dam. Berger tried to lunge away.

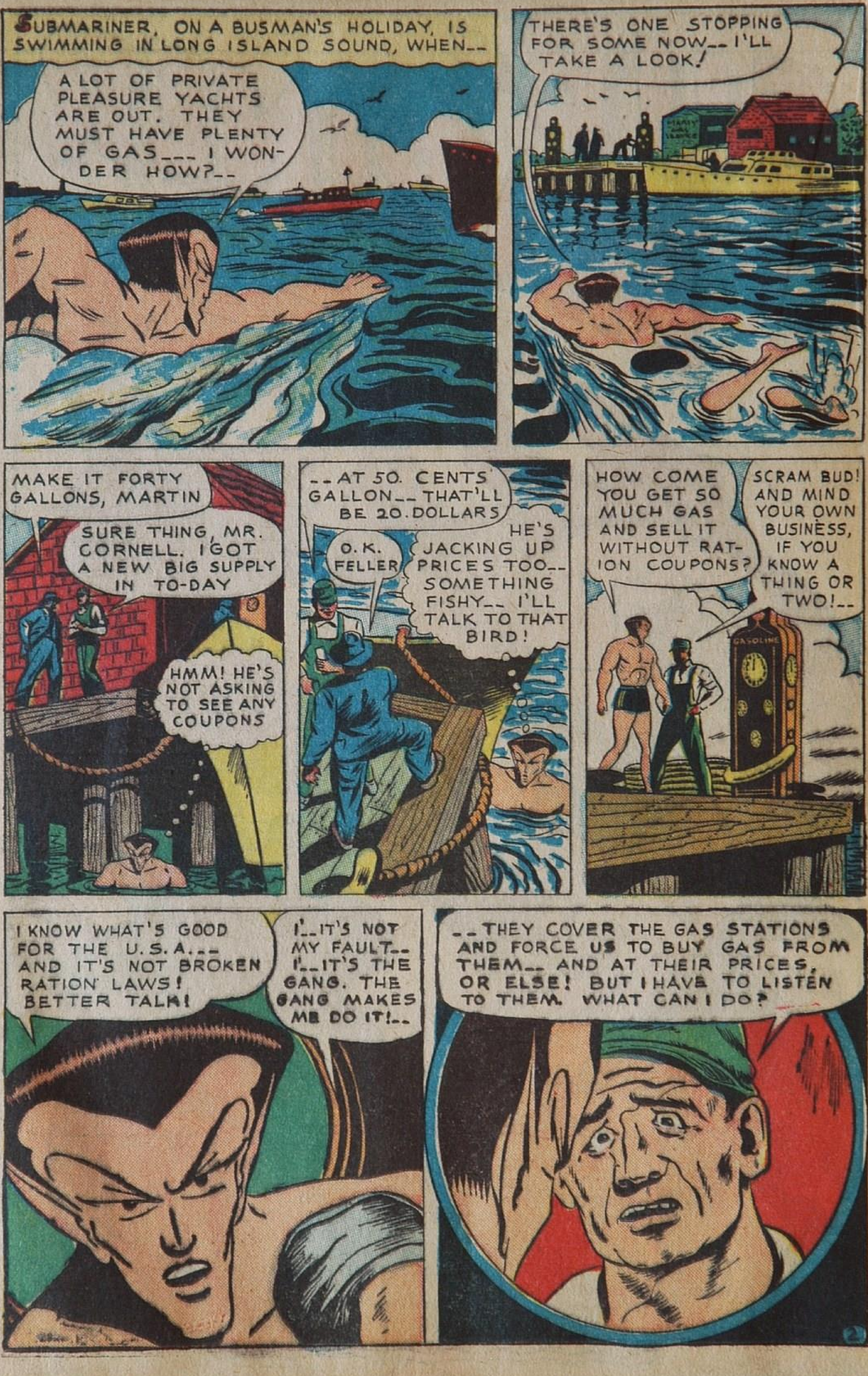
WHEN the horses had gone, Lon turned away from the battered body in the hoof-packed snow. Berger would buy no more horses for hog feed or the black market in horse meat.

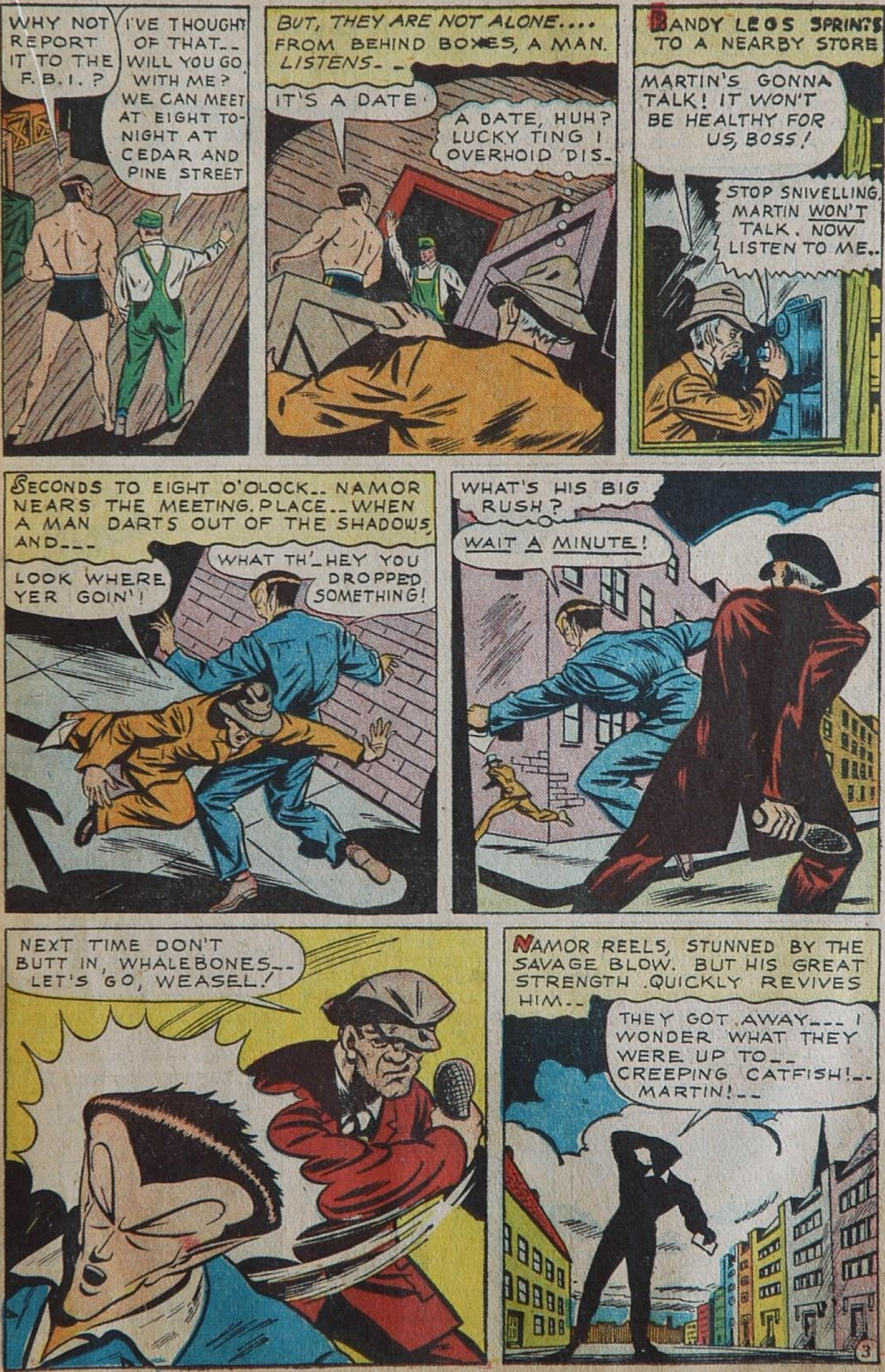
The next morning, when Lon hazed his horses back along the trail to his Sand Creek ranch, he paused once to read again the paper the sheriff had found in Berger's clothes. It was the bill of sale for the CH horse brand. Lon tore it into tiny bits and let the wind scatter the white shreds over the snow.

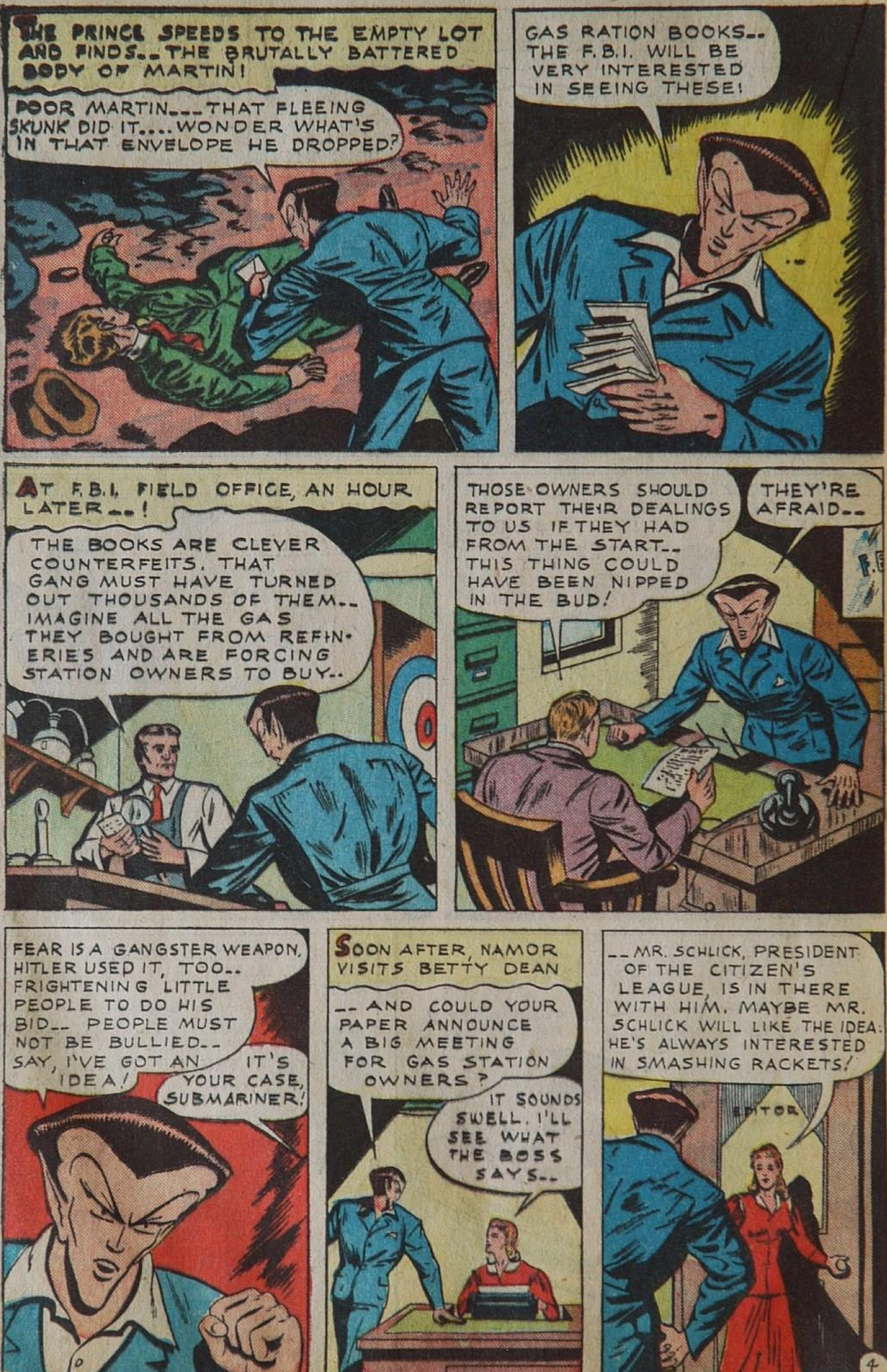
He would put his own brand on the horses when he got home, as he should have done when he bought the horses from his father.

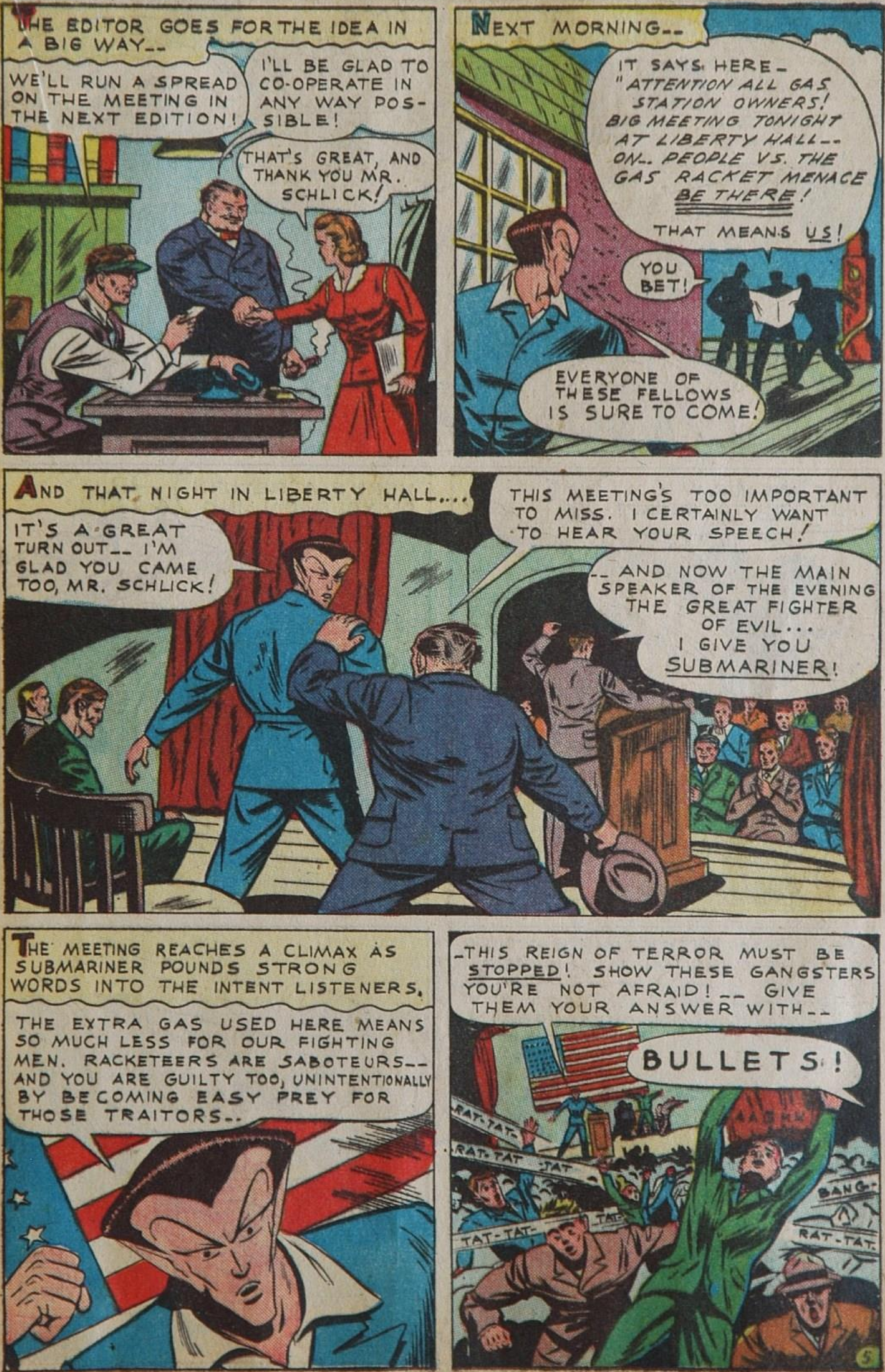
THE END

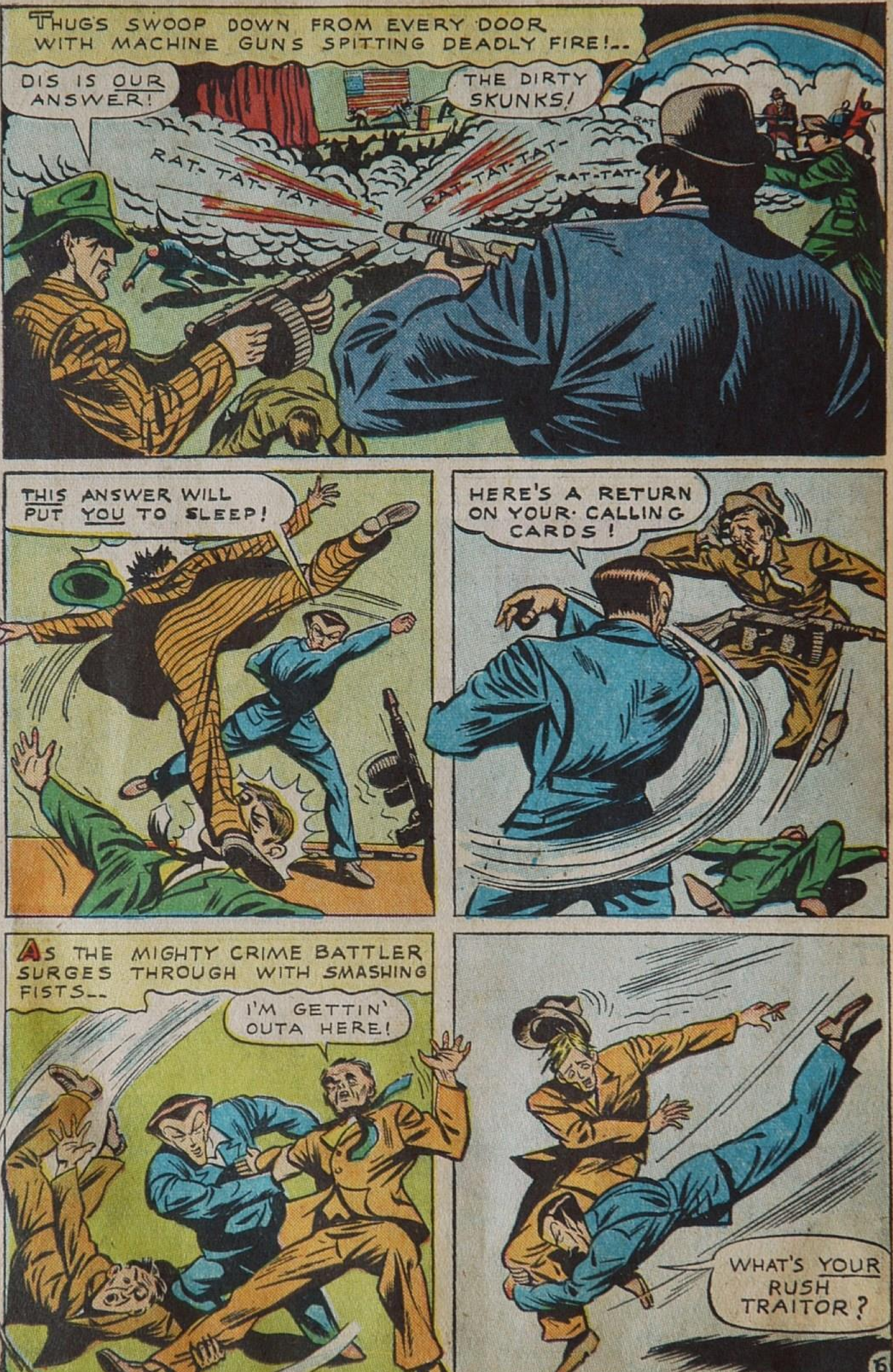

SUB-MARINER
THE RATS OF GANGLAND PLAY AT A NEW GAME-- A VICIOUS RACKET, DEADLY TO THE HOME FRONT WAR EFFORT-- UNTIL THAT ACE CRIME-FIGHTER, THE MIGHTY SEA-PRINCE, SUBMARINER, STEPS IN TO SMASH THIS
WATERFRONT TERROR!
S
A. SIMON

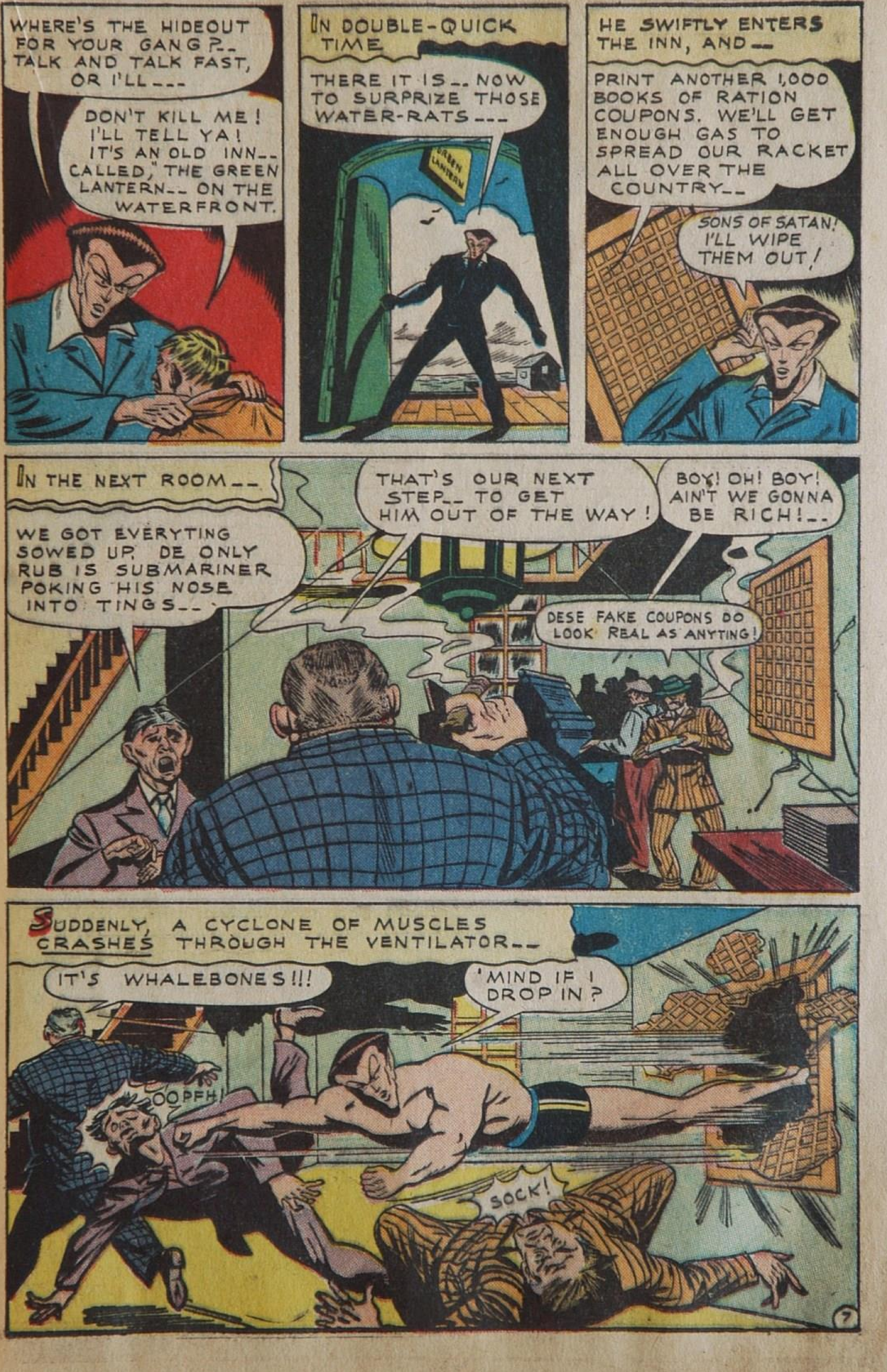

SUBMARINER, ON A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, IS SWIMMING IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, WHEN--
A LOT OF PRIVATE PLEASURE YACHTS ARE OUT. THEY MUST HAVE PLENTY OF GAS--- I WONDER HOW?--
THERE'S ONE STOPPING FOR SOME NOW-- I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
MAKE IT FORTY GALLONS, MARTIN
SURE THING, MR. CORNELL. I GOT A NEW BIG SUPPLY IN TO-DAY
HMM! HE'S NOT ASKING TO SEE ANY COUPONS
--AT 50. CENTS GALLON-- THAT'LL BE 20. DOLLARS
O.K. FELLER
HE'S JACKING UP PRICES TOO-- SOMETHING FISHY-- I'LL TALK TO THAT BIRD!
HOW COME YOU GET SO MUCH GAS AND SELL IT WITHOUT RATION COUPONS?
SCRAM BUD! AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, IF YOU KNOW A THING OR TWO!--
GASOLINE
I KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE U.S.A.-- AND IT'S NOT BROKEN RATION LAWS! BETTER TALK!
I--IT'S NOT MY FAULT-- I--IT'S THE GANG. THE GANG MAKES ME DO IT!--
--THEY COVER THE GAS STATIONS AND FORCE US TO BUY GAS FROM THEM-- AND AT THEIR PRICES, OR ELSE! BUT I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THEM. WHAT CAN I DO?
2

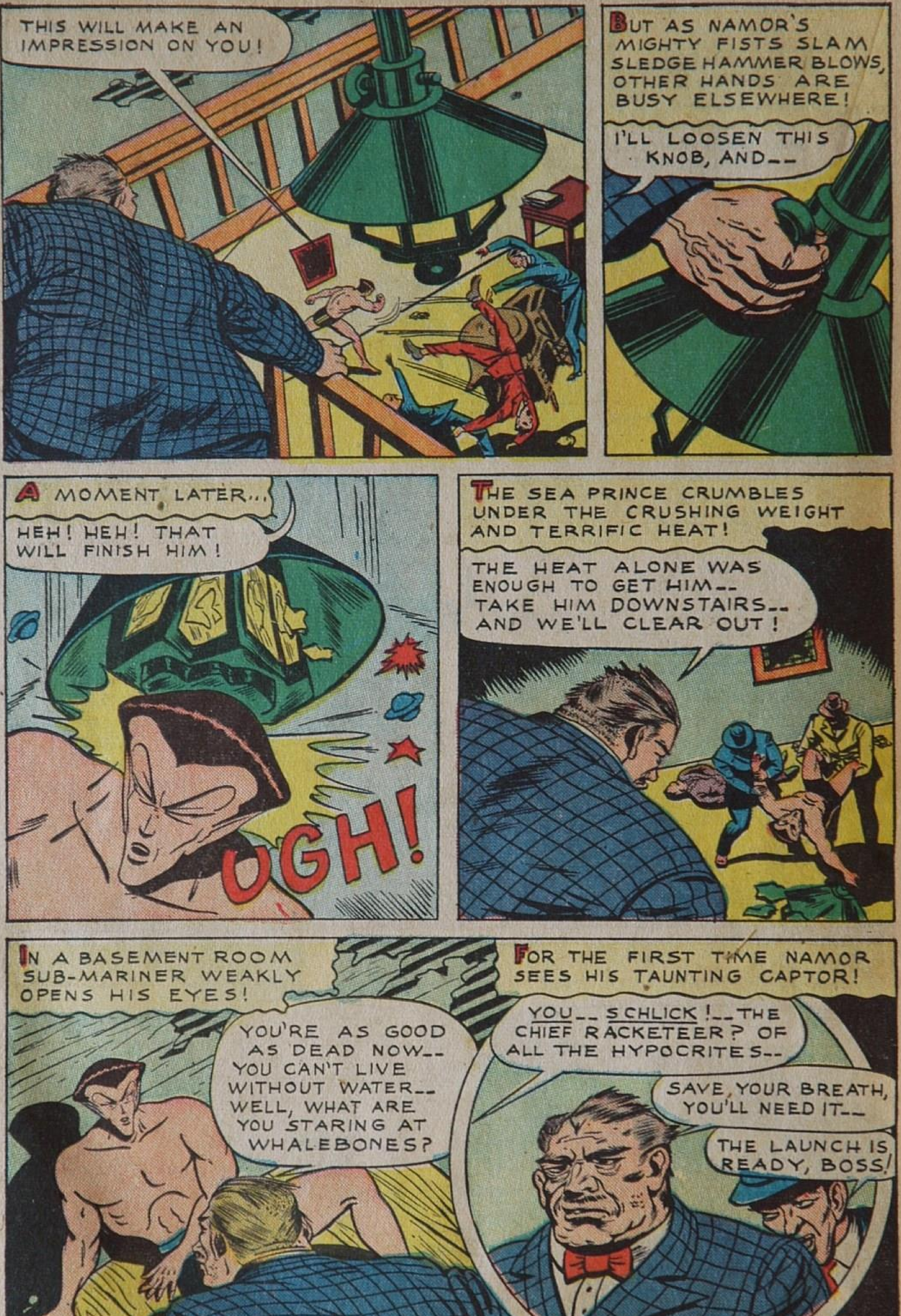

WHY NOT REPORT IT TO THE F.B.I.?
I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT-- WILL YOU GO WITH ME? WE CAN MEET AT EIGHT TONIGHT AT CEDAR AND PINE STREET
BUT, THEY ARE NOT ALONE.... FROM BEHIND BOXES, A MAN. LISTENS--
IT'S A DATE
A DATE, HUH? LUCKY TING I OVERHOID DIS-
BANDY LEGS SPRINTS TO A NEARBY STORE
MARTIN'S GONNA TALK! IT WON'T BE HEALTHY FOR US, BOSS!
STOP SNIVELLING. MARTIN WON'T TALK. NOW LISTEN TO ME..
SECONDS TO EIGHT O'CLOCK.. NAMOR NEARS THE MEETING PLACE--WHEN A MAN DARTS OUT OF THE SHADOWS, AND---
LOOK WHERE YER GOIN'!
WHAT TH'-HEY YOU DROPPED SOMETHING!
WHAT'S HIS BIG RUSH?
WAIT A MINUTE!
NEXT TIME DON'T BUTT IN, WHALEBONES-- LET'S GO, WEASEL!
NAMOR REELS, STUNNED BY THE SAVAGE BLOW. BUT HIS GREAT STRENGTH QUICKLY REVIVES HIM--
THEY GOT AWAY--- I WONDER WHAT THEY WERE UP TO-- CREEPING CATFISH!-- MARTIN!--

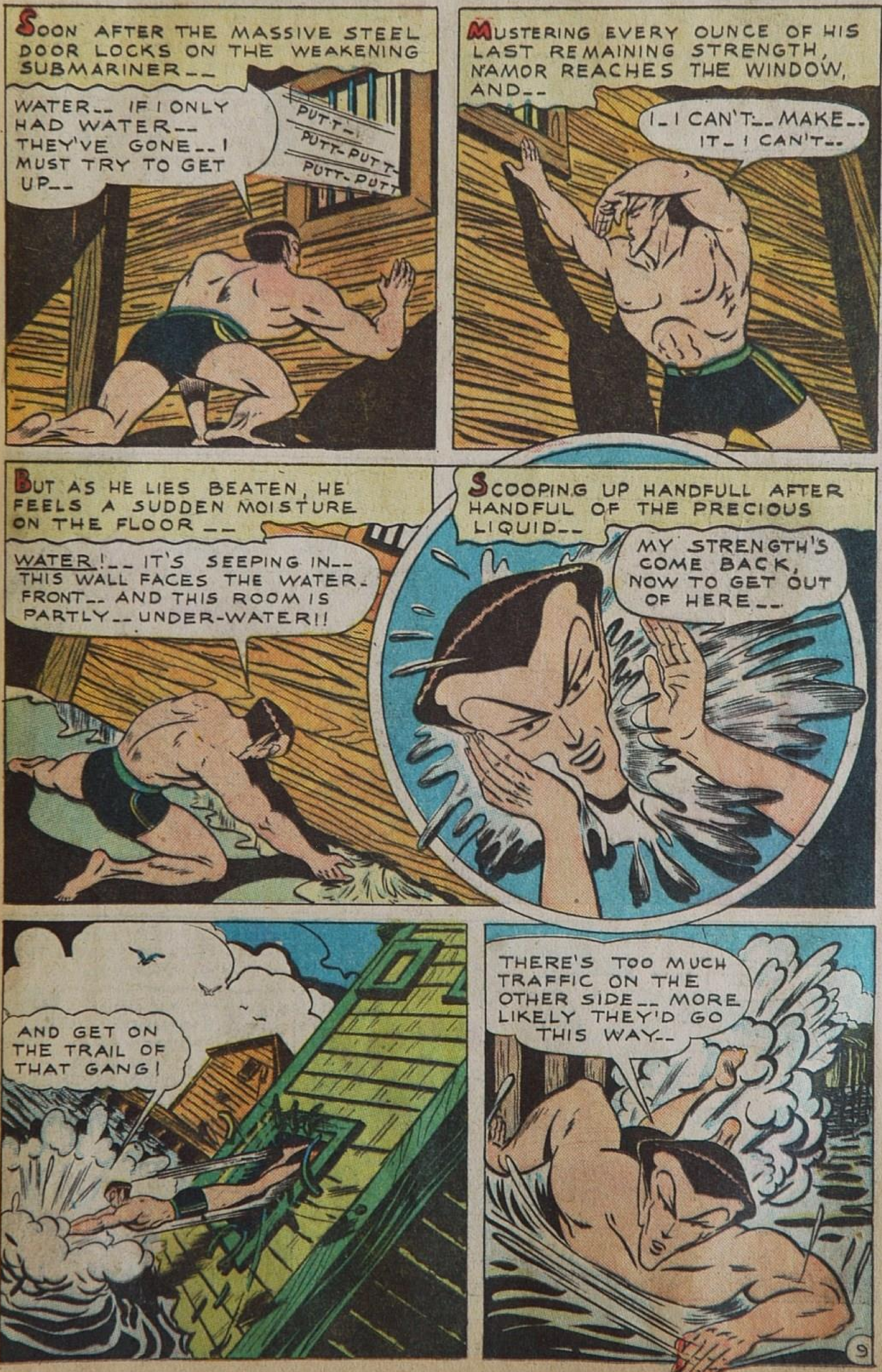

THE PRINCE SPEEDS TO THE EMPTY LOT AND FINDS.. THE BRUTALLY BATTERED BODY OF MARTIN!
POOR MARTIN--- THAT FLEEING SKUNK DID IT.... WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT ENVELOPE HE DROPPED?
GAS RATION BOOKS.. THE F.B.I. WILL BE VERY INTERESTED IN SEEING THESE!
AT F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE, AN HOUR LATER..!
THE BOOKS ARE CLEVER COUNTERFEITS. THAT GANG MUST HAVE TURNED OUT THOUSANDS OF THEM.. IMAGINE ALL THE GAS THEY BOUGHT FROM REFINERIES AND ARE FORCING STATION OWNERS TO BUY..
THOSE OWNERS SHOULD REPORT THEIR DEALINGS TO US IF THEY HAD FROM THE START.. THIS THING COULD HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD!
THEY'RE AFRAID--
FEAR IS A GANGSTER WEAPON. HITLER USED IT, TOO.. FRIGHTENING LITTLE PEOPLE TO DO HIS BID-- PEOPLE MUST NOT BE BULLIED-- SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
IT'S YOUR CASE, SUBMARINER!
SOON AFTER, NAMOR VISITS BETTY DEAN
-- AND COULD YOUR PAPER ANNOUNCE A BIG MEETING FOR GAS STATION OWNERS?
IT SOUNDS SWELL. I'LL SEE WHAT THE BOSS SAYS..
-- MR. SCHLICK, PRESIDENT OF THE CITIZEN'S LEAGUE, IS IN THERE WITH HIM. MAYBE MR. SCHLICK WILL LIKE THE IDEA: HE'S ALWAYS INTERESTED IN SMASHING RACKETS!
EDITOR

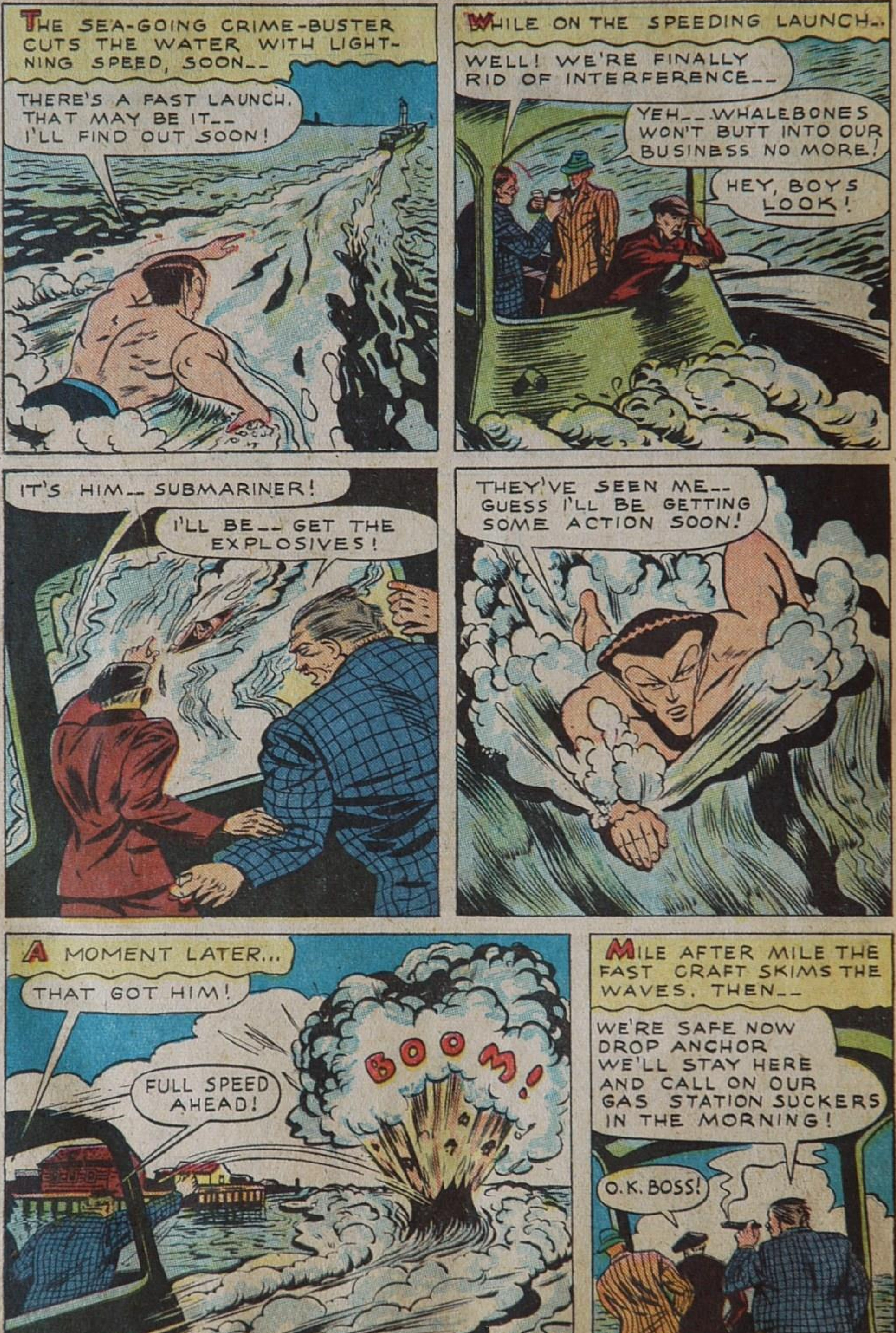

THE EDITOR GOES FOR THE IDEA IN A BIG WAY--
WE'LL RUN A SPREAD ON THE MEETING IN THE NEXT EDITION!
I'LL BE GLAD TO CO-OPERATE IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE!
THAT'S GREAT, AND THANK YOU MR. SCHLICK!
NEXT MORNING--
IT SAYS HERE- "ATTENTION ALL GAS STATION OWNERS! BIG MEETING TONIGHT AT LIBERTY HALL-- ON-- PEOPLE VS. THE GAS RACKET MENACE BE THERE! THAT MEANS US!
YOU BET!
EVERYONE OF THESE FELLOWS IS SURE TO COME!
AND THAT NIGHT IN LIBERTY HALL....
IT'S A GREAT TURN OUT-- I'M GLAD YOU CAME TOO, MR. SCHLICK!
THIS MEETING'S TOO IMPORTANT TO MISS. I CERTAINLY WANT TO HEAR YOUR SPEECH!
-- AND NOW THE MAIN SPEAKER OF THE EVENING THE GREAT FIGHTER OF EVIL... I GIVE YOU SUBMARINER!
THE MEETING REACHES A CLIMAX AS SUBMARINER POUNDS STRONG WORDS INTO THE INTENT LISTENERS.
THE EXTRA GAS USED HERE MEANS SO MUCH LESS FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN. RACKETEERS ARE SABOTEURS-- AND YOU ARE GUILTY TOO, UNINTENTIONALLY BY BECOMING EASY PREY FOR THOSE TRAITORS--
-THIS REIGN OF TERROR MUST BE STOPPED! SHOW THESE GANGSTERS YOU'RE NOT AFRAID! -- GIVE THEM YOUR ANSWER WITH--
BULLETS!
RAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT
-TAT
BANG-
-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT.

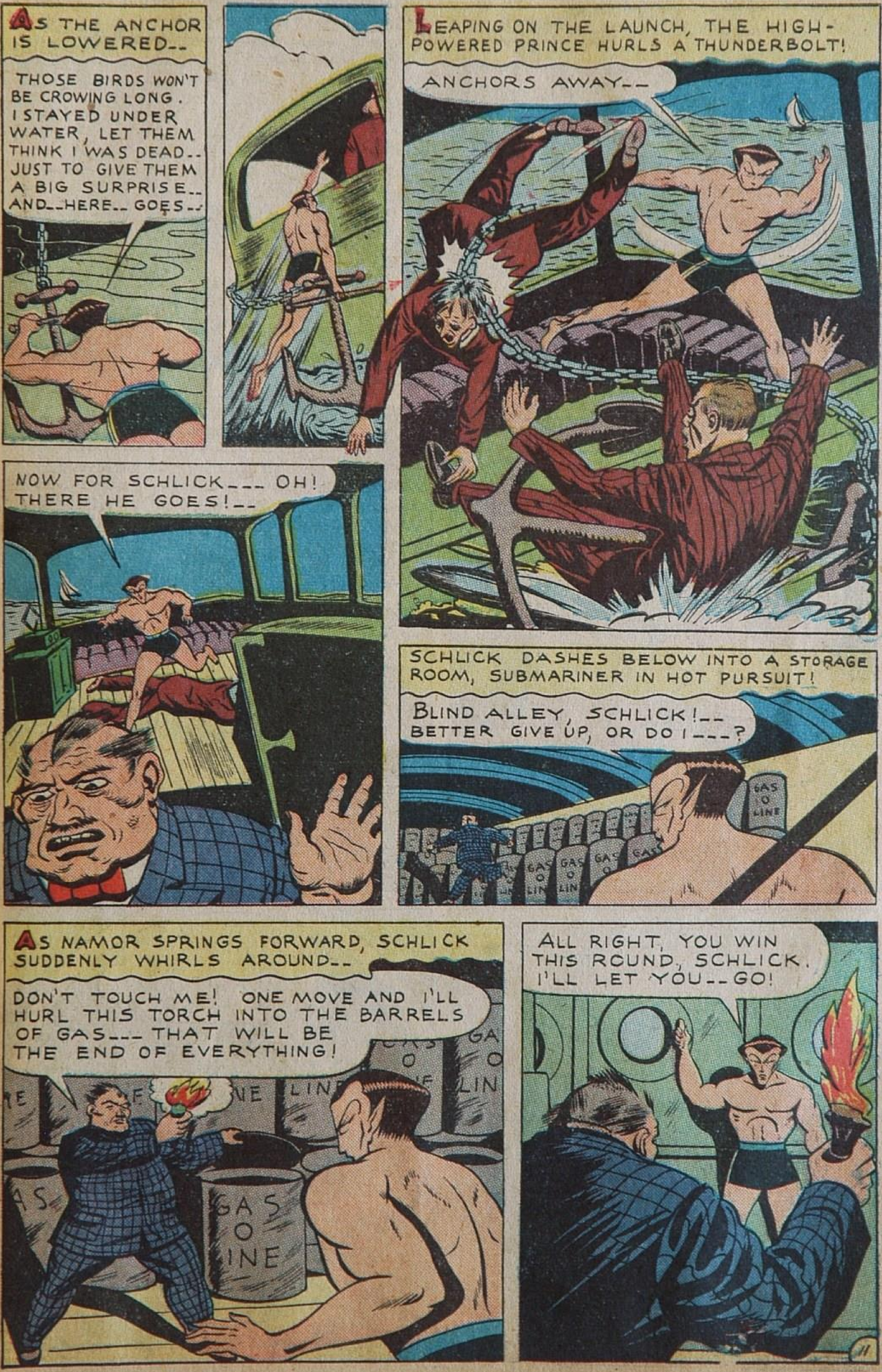

THUGS SWOOP DOWN FROM EVERY DOOR WITH MACHINE GUNS SPITTING DEADLY FIRE!..
DIS IS OUR ANSWER!
THE DIRTY SKUNKS!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT-
RAT
THIS ANSWER WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!
HERE'S A RETURN ON YOUR CALLING CARDS!
AS THE MIGHTY CRIME BATTLER SURGES THROUGH WITH SMASHING FISTS..
I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
WHAT'S YOUR RUSH TRAITOR?

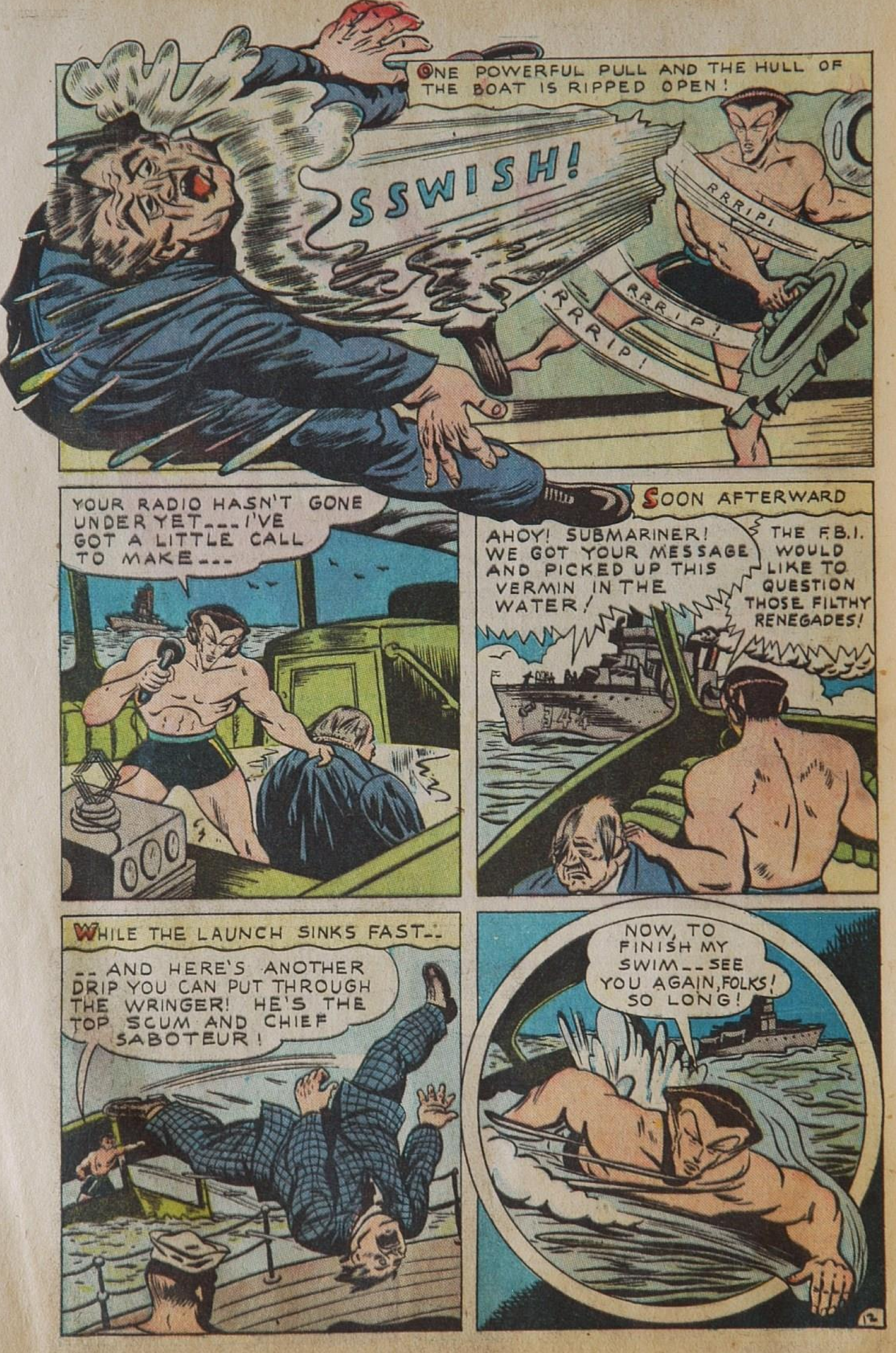

WHERE'S THE HIDEOUT FOR YOUR GANG?_ TALK AND TALK FAST, OR I'LL---
DON'T KILL ME! I'LL TELL YA! IT'S AN OLD INN-- CALLED, "THE GREEN LANTERN-- ON THE WATERFRONT.
IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME
THERE IT IS-- NOW TO SURPRIZE THOSE WATER-RATS---
GREEN LANTERN
HE SWIFTLY ENTERS THE INN, AND--
PRINT ANOTHER 1,000 BOOKS OF RATION COUPONS. WE'LL GET ENOUGH GAS TO SPREAD OUR RACKET ALL OVER THE COUNTRY--
SONS OF SATAN! I'LL WIPE THEM OUT!
IN THE NEXT ROOM--
WE GOT EVERYTING SOWED UP. DE ONLY RUB IS SUBMARINER POKING HIS NOSE INTO TINGS--
THAT'S OUR NEXT STEP-- TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
BOY! OH! BOY! AIN'T WE GONNA BE RICH!--
DESE FAKE COUPONS DO LOOK REAL AS ANYTING!
SUDDENLY, A CYCLONE OF MUSCLES CRASHES THROUGH THE VENTILATOR--
IT'S WHALEBONES!!!
'MIND IF I DROP IN?
OOPFH!
SOCK!


THIS WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON YOU!
BUT AS NAMOR'S MIGHTY FISTS SLAM SLEDGE HAMMER BLOWS, OTHER HANDS ARE BUSY ELSEWHERE!
I'LL LOOSEN THIS KNOB, AND--
A MOMENT LATER...
HEH! HEH! THAT WILL FINISH HIM!
UGH!
THE SEA PRINCE CRUMBLES UNDER THE CRUSHING WEIGHT AND TERRIFIC HEAT!
THE HEAT ALONE WAS ENOUGH TO GET HIM-- TAKE HIM DOWNSTAIRS-- AND WE'LL CLEAR OUT!
IN A BASEMENT ROOM SUB-MARINER WEAKLY OPENS HIS EYES!
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW-- YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT WATER-- WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT WHALEBONES?
FOR THE FIRST TIME NAMOR SEES HIS TAUNTING CAPTOR!
YOU-- SCHLICK!--THE CHIEF RACKETEER? OF ALL THE HYPOCRITES--
SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU'LL NEED IT--
THE LAUNCH IS READY, BOSS!


SOON AFTER THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR LOCKS ON THE WEAKENING SUBMARINER--
WATER-- IF I ONLY HAD WATER-- THEY'VE GONE--! MUST TRY TO GET UP--
PUTT-PUTT-PUTT-PUTT-PUTT-PUTT
MUSTERING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH, NAMOR REACHES THE WINDOW, AND--
I-I CAN'T--MAKE-- IT-I CAN'T--
BUT AS HE LIES BEATEN, HE FEELS A SUDDEN MOISTURE ON THE FLOOR--
WATER!-- IT'S SEEPING IN-- THIS WALL FACES THE WATER-FRONT-- AND THIS ROOM IS PARTLY--UNDER-WATER!!
SCOOPING UP HANDFULL AFTER HANDFUL OF THE PRECIOUS LIQUID--
MY STRENGTH'S COME BACK, NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE--
AND GET ON THE TRAIL OF THAT GANG!
THERE'S TOO MUCH TRAFFIC ON THE OTHER SIDE-- MORE LIKELY THEY'D GO THIS WAY--


THE SEA-GOING CRIME-BUSTER CUTS THE WATER WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, SOON--
THERE'S A FAST LAUNCH. THAT MAY BE IT-- I'LL FIND OUT SOON!
WHILE ON THE SPEEDING LAUNCH--
WELL! WE'RE FINALLY RID OF INTERFERENCE--
YEH--WHALEBONES WON'T BUTT INTO OUR BUSINESS NO MORE!
HEY, BOYS LOOK!
IT'S HIM-- SUBMARINER!
I'LL BE-- GET THE EXPLOSIVES!
THEY'VE SEEN ME-- GUESS I'LL BE GETTING SOME ACTION SOON!
A MOMENT LATER...
THAT GOT HIM!
BOOM!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
MILE AFTER MILE THE FAST CRAFT SKIMS THE WAVES, THEN--
WE'RE SAFE NOW DROP ANCHOR WE'LL STAY HERE AND CALL ON OUR GAS STATION SUCKERS IN THE MORNING!
O.K. BOSS!


AS THE ANCHOR IS LOWERED--
THOSE BIRDS WON'T BE CROWING LONG. I STAYED UNDER WATER, LET THEM THINK I WAS DEAD-- JUST TO GIVE THEM A BIG SURPRISE-- AND--HERE-- GOES--
LEAPING ON THE LAUNCH, THE HIGH-POWERED PRINCE HURLS A THUNDERBOLT!
ANCHORS AWAY--
NOW FOR SCHLICK--- OH! THERE HE GOES!--
SCHLICK DASHES BELOW INTO A STORAGE ROOM, SUBMARINER IN HOT PURSUIT!
BLIND ALLEY, SCHLICK!-- BETTER GIVE UP, OR DO I---?
GAS O LINE
AS NAMOR SPRINGS FORWARD, SCHLICK SUDDENLY WHIRLS AROUND--
DON'T TOUCH ME! ONE MOVE AND I'LL HURL THIS TORCH INTO THE BARRELS OF GAS--- THAT WILL BE THE END OF EVERYTHING!
GAS O LINE
ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN THIS ROUND, SCHLICK. I'LL LET YOU--GO!


ONE POWERFUL PULL AND THE HULL OF THE BOAT IS RIPPED OPEN!
SSWISH!
RRRIP!
RRRIP!
RRRIP!
YOUR RADIO HASN'T GONE UNDER YET--- I'VE GOT A LITTLE CALL TO MAKE---
SOON AFTERWARD
AHOY! SUBMARINER! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND PICKED UP THIS VERMIN IN THE WATER!
THE F.B.I. WOULD LIKE TO QUESTION THOSE FILTHY RENEGADES!
344
WHILE THE LAUNCH SINKS FAST--
-- AND HERE'S ANOTHER DRIP YOU CAN PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER! HE'S THE TOP SCUM AND CHIEF SABOTEUR!
NOW, TO FINISH MY SWIM -- SEE YOU AGAIN, FOLKS! SO LONG!

TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!! Enter the MISS America MAGAZINE Contest!!

$1000 in Cash Prizes

ANYONE CAN WIN!

Thrilling news . . . The Publisher of CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous SCREEN STARS, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—MISS AMERICA.

Girls, DON'T MISS the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE ever to hit the newsstands; it is a magazine FOR GIRLS ONLY—teen-age girls.

It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for.

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BEAUTY!

MOVIES!

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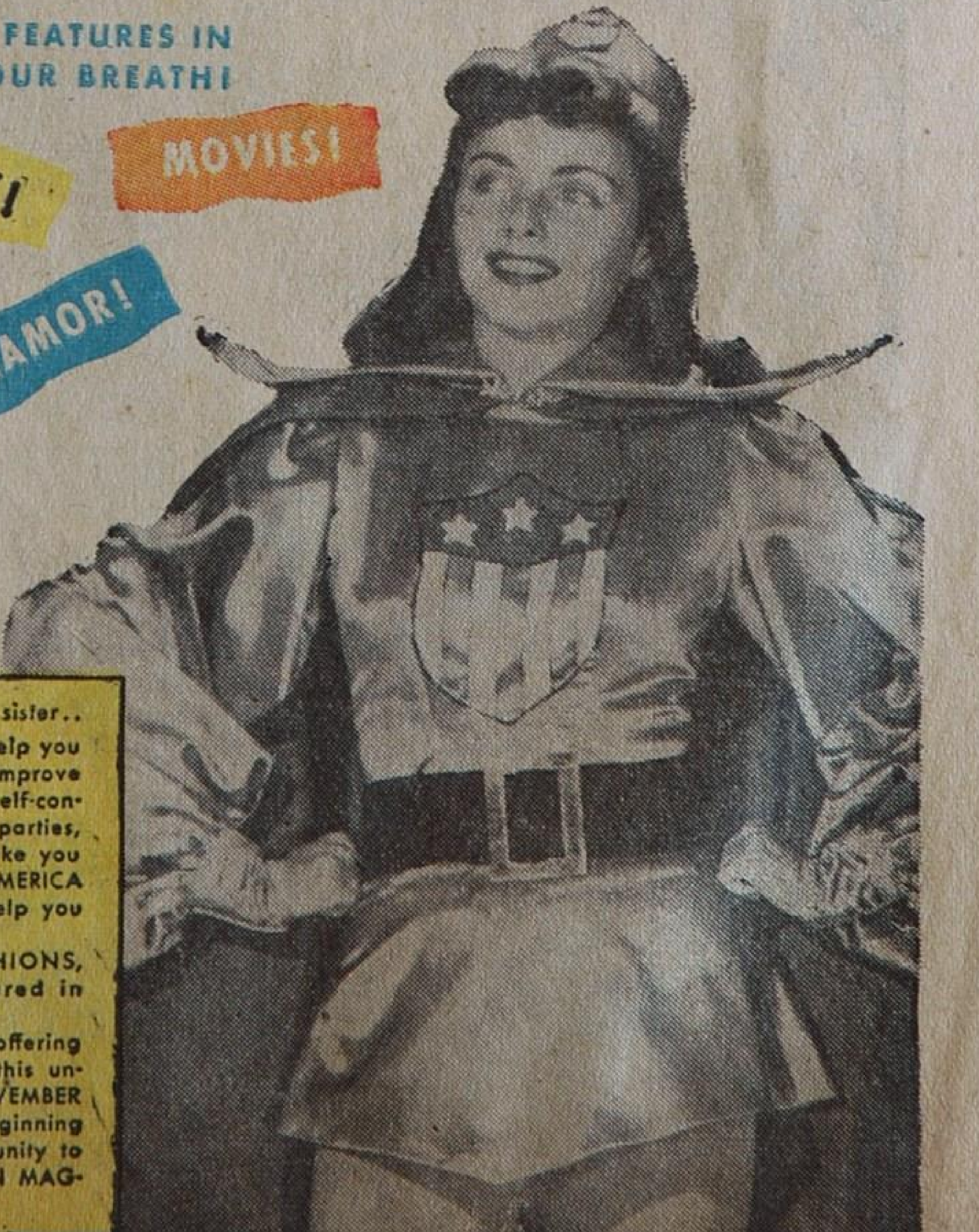
GLAMOR!

FASHIONS!

AND MANY OTHER UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ARTICLES OF VITAL INTEREST TO TEEN-AGE GIRLS.

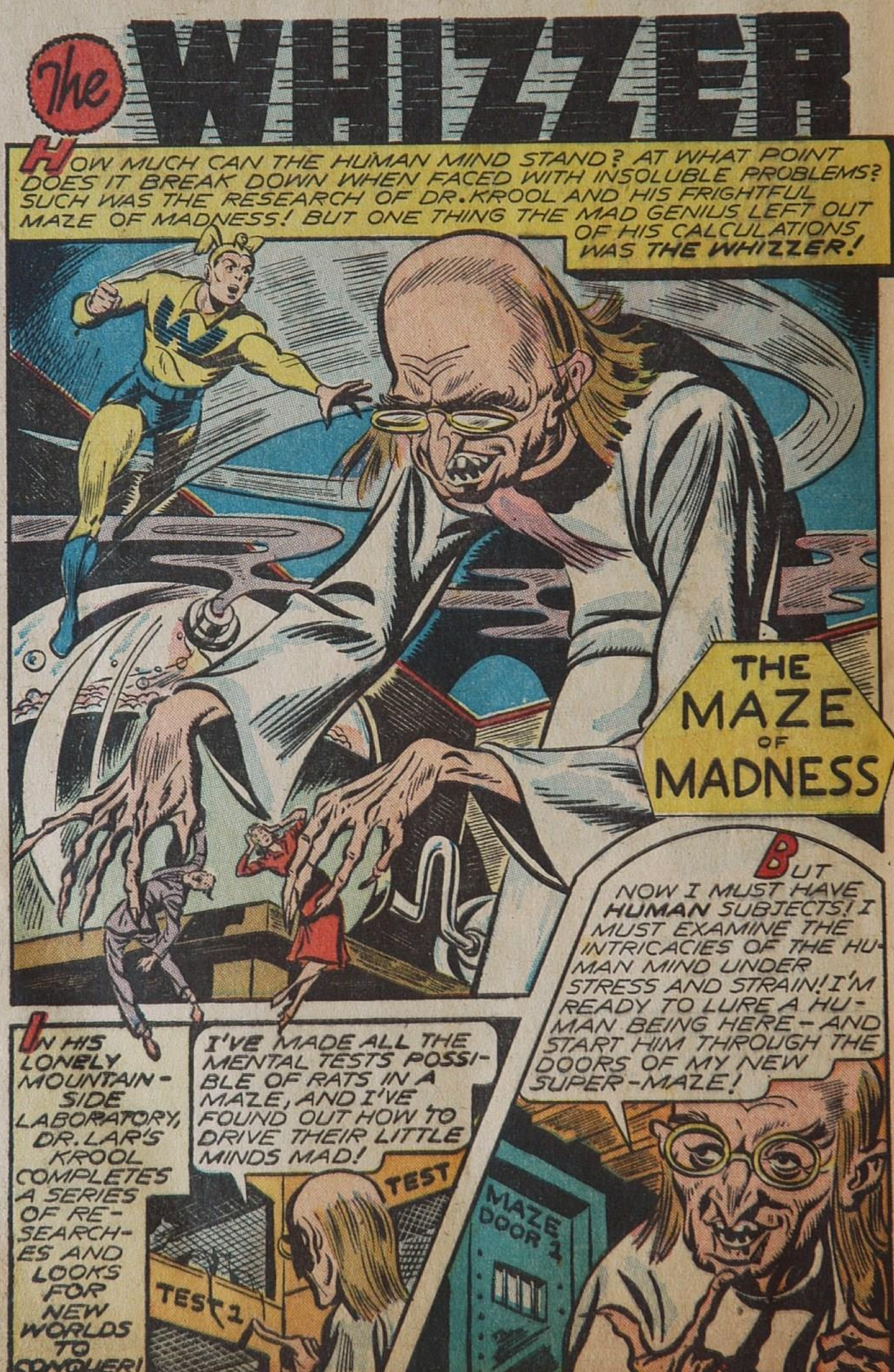


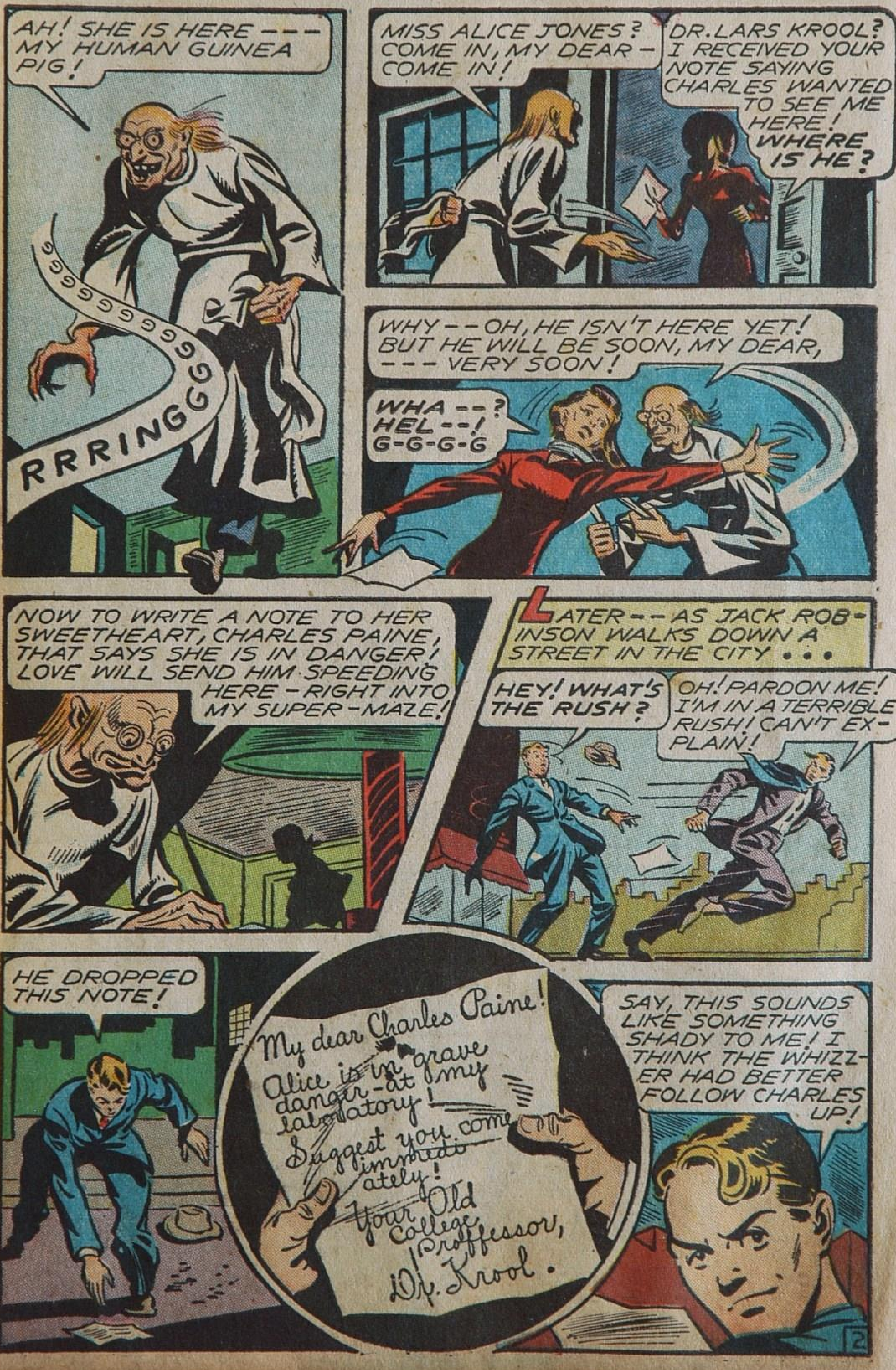
A word to the boys . . Show this ad to your sister . .

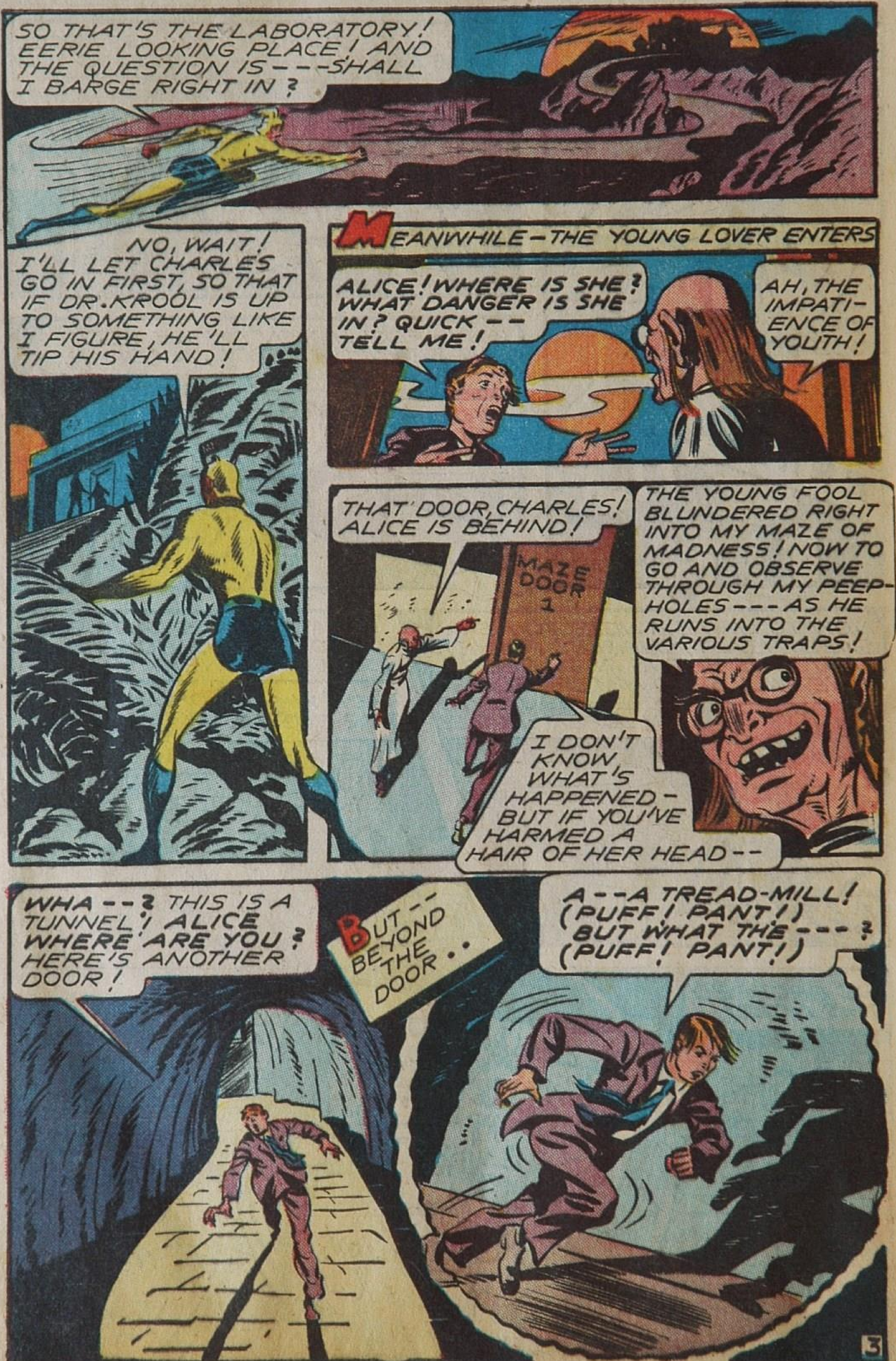
DON'T miss MISS AMERICA. She will help you become lovely, suggest ways to improve your personality, help you to overcome self-consciousness, tell you how to have fun at parties, what to serve; MISS AMERICA will make you CHUCKLE, make you THINK . . . MISS AMERICA and her brilliant staff of writers will help you solve your problems . . .

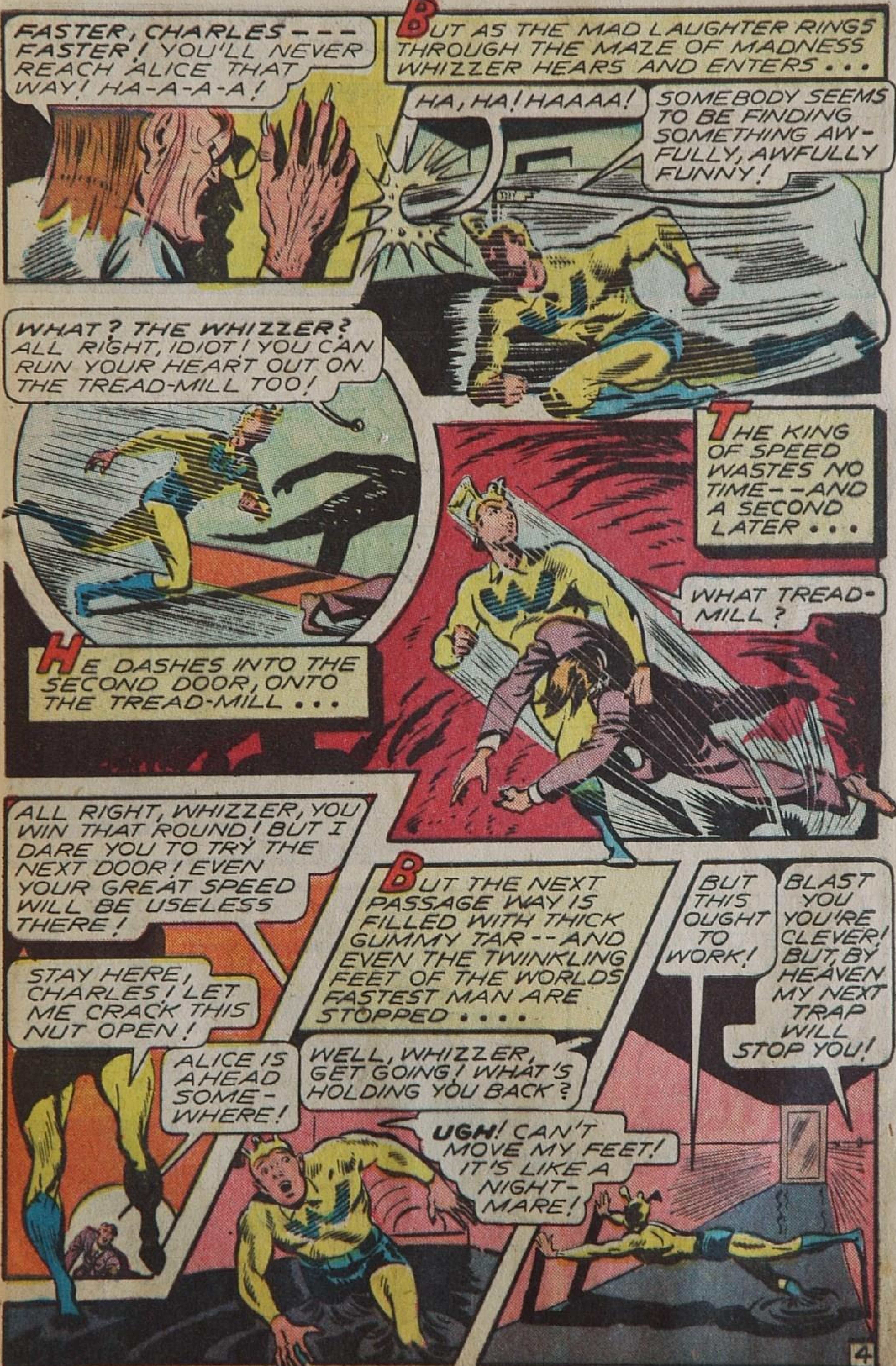
Just think—COMICS, FICTION, FASHIONS, FUN, MOVIES, GLAMOR, etc., featured in ONE MAGAZINE.

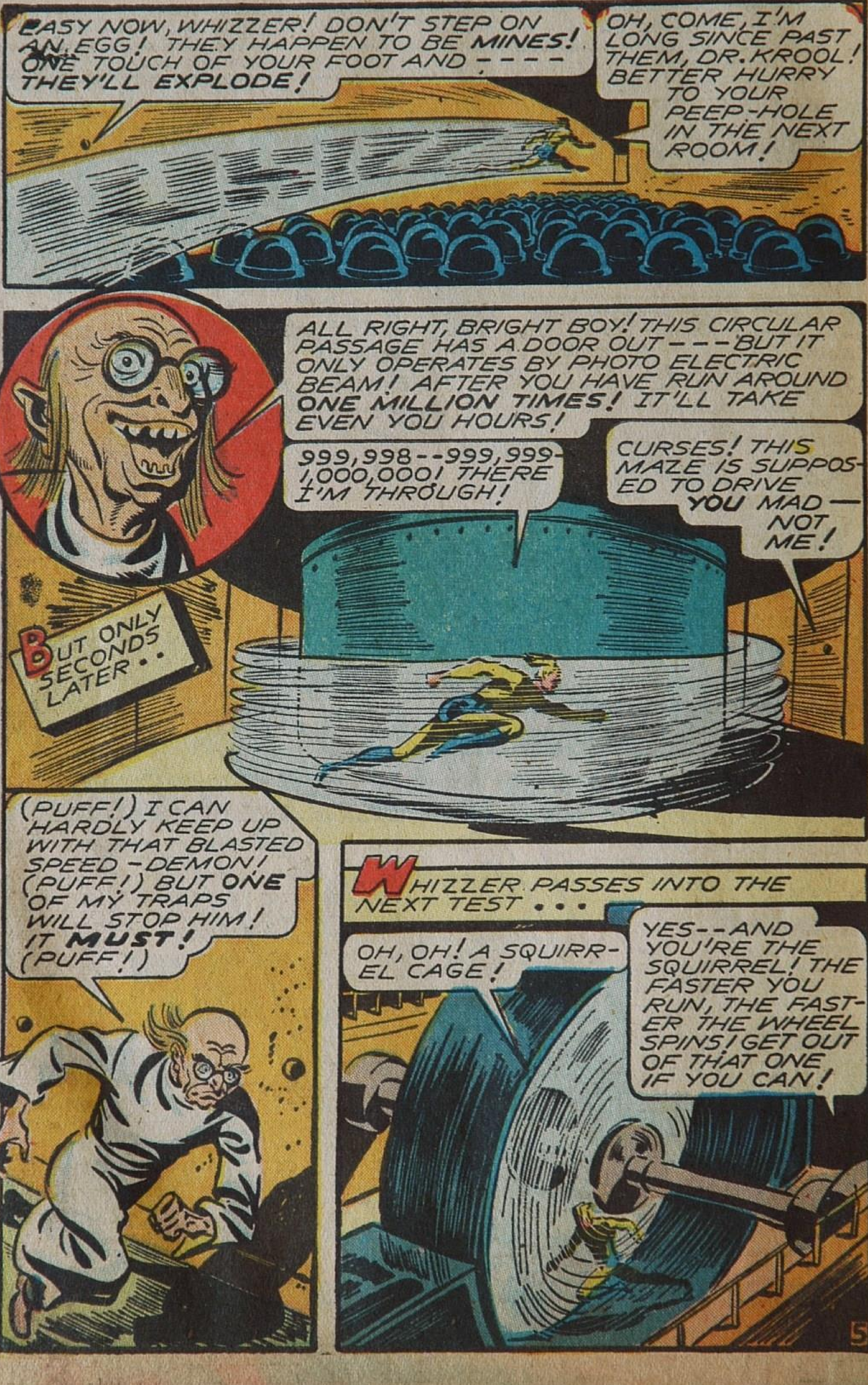
AND—in addition—MISS AMERICA is offering $1,000 in CASH PRIZES! For details of this unusual contest, BE SURE TO GET THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF MISS AMERICA on sale beginning September 10th. Don't miss this opportunity to WIN CASH and ENJOY THE UTMOST IN MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT . . .

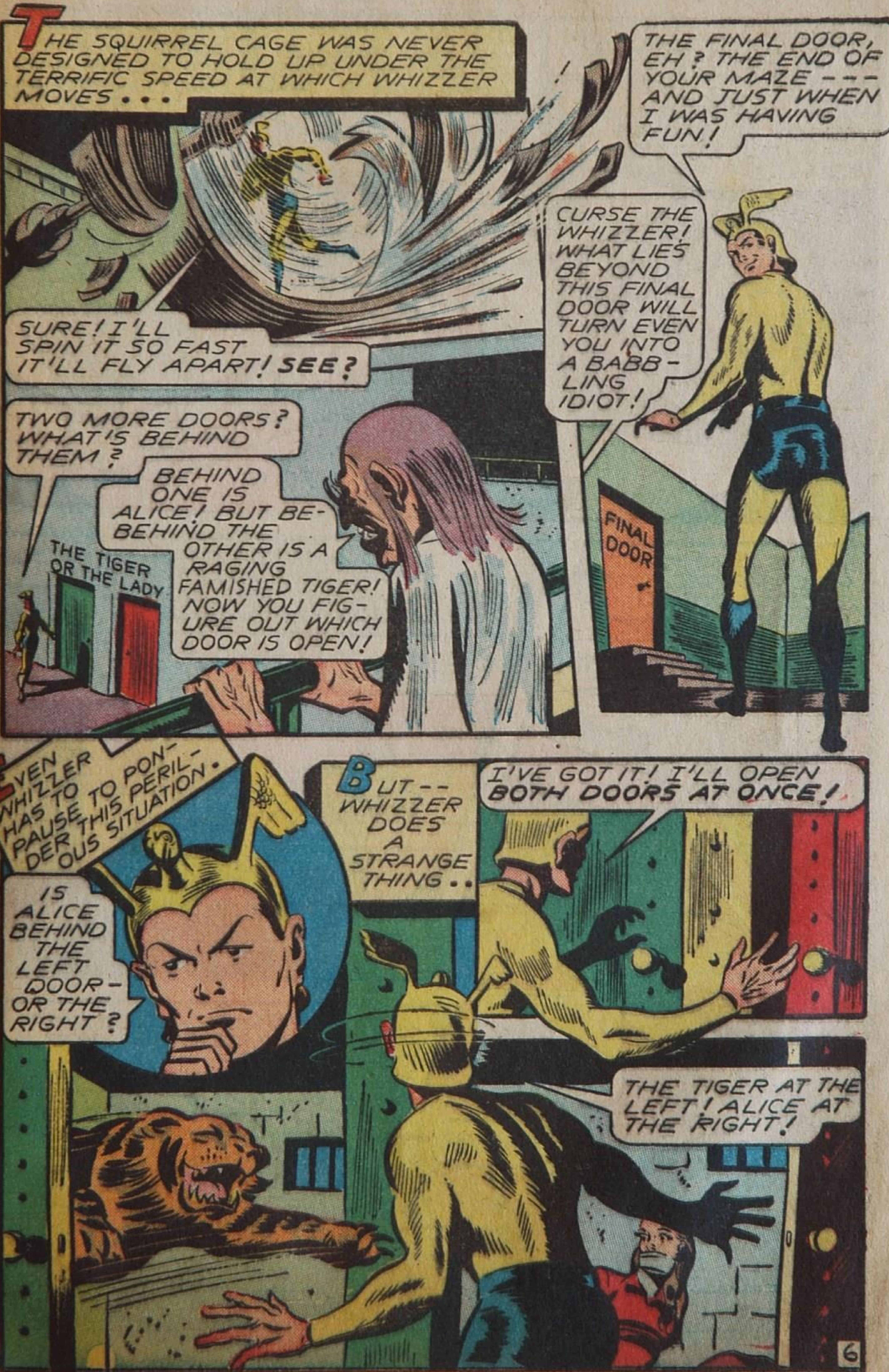
The WHIZZER
HOW MUCH CAN THE HUMAN MIND STAND? AT WHAT POINT DOES IT BREAK DOWN WHEN FACED WITH INSOLUBLE PROBLEMS? SUCH WAS THE RESEARCH OF DR. KROOL AND HIS FRIGHTFUL MAZE OF MADNESS! BUT ONE THING THE MAD GENIUS LEFT OUT OF HIS CALCULATIONS WAS **THE WHIZZER**!
THE MAZE OF MADNESS
IN HIS LONELY MOUNTAIN-SIDE LABORATORY, DR. LAR'S KROOL COMPLETES A SERIES OF RESEARCHES AND LOOKS FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER!
I'VE MADE ALL THE MENTAL TESTS POSSIBLE OF RATS IN A MAZE, AND I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO DRIVE THEIR LITTLE MINDS MAD!
TEST
TEST 1
MAZE DOOR 1
BUT NOW I MUST HAVE **HUMAN** SUBJECTS! I MUST EXAMINE THE INTRICACIES OF THE HUMAN MIND UNDER STRESS AND STRAIN! I'M READY TO LURE A HUMAN BEING HERE—AND START HIM THROUGH THE DOORS OF MY NEW SUPER-MAZE!

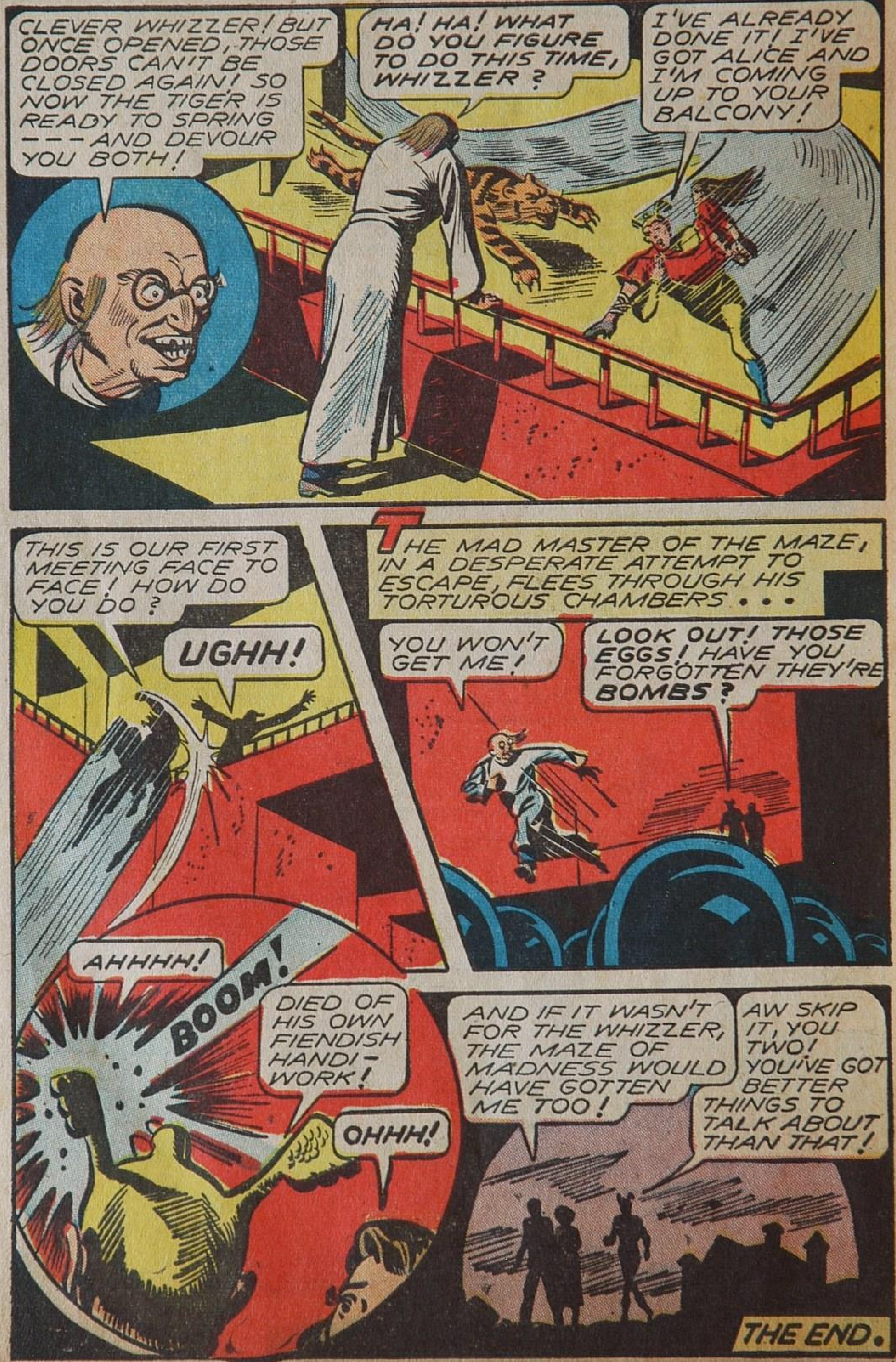

AH! SHE IS HERE --- MY HUMAN GUINEA PIG!
RRRINGGGGGGGGGGGGG
MISS ALICE JONES? COME IN, MY DEAR - COME IN!
DR. LARS KROOL? I RECEIVED YOUR NOTE SAYING CHARLES WANTED TO SEE ME HERE! WHERE IS HE?
WHY -- OH, HE ISN'T HERE YET! BUT HE WILL BE SOON, MY DEAR, --- VERY SOON!
WHA --? HEL --! G-G-G-G
NOW TO WRITE A NOTE TO HER SWEETHEART, CHARLES PAINE, THAT SAYS SHE IS IN DANGER! LOVE WILL SEND HIM SPEEDING HERE - RIGHT INTO MY SUPER-MAZE!
LATER -- AS JACK ROBINSON WALKS DOWN A STREET IN THE CITY . . .
HEY! WHAT'S THE RUSH?
OH! PARDON ME! I'M IN A TERRIBLE RUSH! CAN'T EXPLAIN!
HE DROPPED THIS NOTE!
My dear Charles Paine! Alice is in grave danger - at my laboratory! Suggest you come immediately! Your Old College Proffessor, Dr. Krool.
SAY, THIS SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING SHADY TO ME! I THINK THE WHIZZER HAD BETTER FOLLOW CHARLES UP!
2


SO THAT'S THE LABORATORY! EERIE LOOKING PLACE! AND THE QUESTION IS---SHALL I BARGE RIGHT IN?
NO, WAIT! I'LL LET CHARLES GO IN FIRST, SO THAT IF DR. KROOL IS UP TO SOMETHING LIKE I FIGURE, HE'LL TIP HIS HAND!
MEANWHILE—THE YOUNG LOVER ENTERS
ALICE! WHERE IS SHE? WHAT DANGER IS SHE IN? QUICK -- TELL ME!
AH, THE IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH!
THAT DOOR, CHARLES! ALICE IS BEHIND!
MAZE DOOR 1
THE YOUNG FOOL BLUNDERED RIGHT INTO MY MAZE OF MADNESS! NOW TO GO AND OBSERVE THROUGH MY PEEPHOLES---AS HE RUNS INTO THE VARIOUS TRAPS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED - BUT IF YOU'VE HARMED A HAIR OF HER HEAD--
WHA--? THIS IS A TUNNEL! ALICE WHERE ARE YOU? HERE'S ANOTHER DOOR!
BUT-- BEYOND THE DOOR..
A--A TREAD-MILL! (PUFF! PANT!) BUT WHAT THE---? (PUFF! PANT!)
3


FASTER, CHARLES--- FASTER! YOU'LL NEVER REACH ALICE THAT WAY! HA-A-A-A!
BUT AS THE MAD LAUGHTER RINGS THROUGH THE MAZE OF MADNESS WHIZZER HEARS AND ENTERS...
HA, HA! HAAAAA!
SOMEBODY SEEMS TO BE FINDING SOMETHING AWFULLY, AWFULLY FUNNY!
WHAT? THE WHIZZER? ALL RIGHT, IDIOT! YOU CAN RUN YOUR HEART OUT ON THE TREAD-MILL TOO!
THE KING OF SPEED WASTES NO TIME--AND A SECOND LATER...
WHAT TREAD-MILL?
HE DASHES INTO THE SECOND DOOR, ONTO THE TREAD-MILL...
ALL RIGHT, WHIZZER, YOU WIN THAT ROUND! BUT I DARE YOU TO TRY THE NEXT DOOR! EVEN YOUR GREAT SPEED WILL BE USELESS THERE!
STAY HERE, CHARLES! LET ME CRACK THIS NUT OPEN!
ALICE IS AHEAD SOMEWHERE!
BUT THE NEXT PASSAGE WAY IS FILLED WITH THICK GUMMY TAR--AND EVEN THE TWINKLING FEET OF THE WORLDS FASTEST MAN ARE STOPPED....
WELL, WHIZZER, GET GOING! WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?
UGH! CAN'T MOVE MY FEET! IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE!
BUT THIS OUGHT TO WORK!
BLAST YOU YOU'RE CLEVER! BUT, BY HEAVEN MY NEXT TRAP WILL STOP YOU!


EASY NOW, WHIZZER! DON'T STEP ON AN EGG! THEY HAPPEN TO BE **MINES!** ONE TOUCH OF YOUR FOOT AND ---- **THEY'LL EXPLODE!**
OH, COME, I'M LONG SINCE PAST THEM, DR. KROOL! BETTER HURRY TO YOUR PEEP-HOLE IN THE NEXT ROOM!
ALL RIGHT, BRIGHT BOY! THIS CIRCULAR PASSAGE HAS A DOOR OUT ---BUT IT ONLY OPERATES BY PHOTO ELECTRIC BEAM! AFTER YOU HAVE RUN AROUND **ONE MILLION TIMES!** IT'LL TAKE EVEN YOU HOURS!
BUT ONLY SECONDS LATER..
999,998--999,999-1,000,000! THERE I'M THROUGH!
CURSES! THIS MAZE IS SUPPOSED TO DRIVE **YOU** MAD— NOT ME!
(PUFF!) I CAN HARDLY KEEP UP WITH THAT BLASTED SPEED-DEMON! (PUFF!) BUT **ONE** OF MY TRAPS WILL STOP HIM! IT **MUST!** (PUFF!)
WHIZZER PASSES INTO THE NEXT TEST...
OH, OH! A SQUIRREL CAGE!
YES--AND YOU'RE THE SQUIRREL! THE FASTER YOU RUN, THE FASTER THE WHEEL SPINS! GET OUT OF THAT ONE IF YOU CAN!


THE SQUIRREL CAGE WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO HOLD UP UNDER THE TERRIFIC SPEED AT WHICH WHIZZER MOVES . . .
SURE! I'LL SPIN IT SO FAST IT'LL FLY APART! SEE?
THE FINAL DOOR, EH? THE END OF YOUR MAZE --- AND JUST WHEN I WAS HAVING FUN!
CURSE THE WHIZZER! WHAT LIES BEYOND THIS FINAL DOOR WILL TURN EVEN YOU INTO A BABBLING IDIOT!
FINAL DOOR
TWO MORE DOORS? WHAT'S BEHIND THEM?
BEHIND ONE IS ALICE! BUT BEBEHIND THE OTHER IS A RAGING FAMISHED TIGER! NOW YOU FIGURE OUT WHICH DOOR IS OPEN!
THE TIGER OR THE LADY
EVEN WHIZZER HAS TO PONDER THIS PERILOUS SITUATION.
IS ALICE BEHIND THE LEFT DOOR- OR THE RIGHT?
BUT-- WHIZZER DOES A STRANGE THING . .
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL OPEN BOTH DOORS AT ONCE!
THE TIGER AT THE LEFT! ALICE AT THE RIGHT!


CLEVER WHIZZER! BUT ONCE OPENED, THOSE DOORS CAN'T BE CLOSED AGAIN! SO NOW THE TIGER IS READY TO SPRING --- AND DEVOUR YOU BOTH!
HA! HA! WHAT DO YOU FIGURE TO DO THIS TIME, WHIZZER?
I'VE ALREADY DONE IT! I'VE GOT ALICE AND I'M COMING UP TO YOUR BALCONY!
THIS IS OUR FIRST MEETING FACE TO FACE! HOW DO YOU DO?
UGHH!
THE MAD MASTER OF THE MAZE, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, FLEES THROUGH HIS TORTUROUS CHAMBERS . . .
YOU WON'T GET ME!
LOOK OUT! THOSE EGGS! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THEY'RE BOMBS?
AHHHH!
BOOM!
DIED OF HIS OWN FIENDISH HANDIWORK!
OHHH!
AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THE WHIZZER, THE MAZE OF MADNESS WOULD HAVE GOTTEN ME TOO!
AW SKIP IT, YOU TWO! YOU'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO TALK ABOUT THAN THAT!
THE END.

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

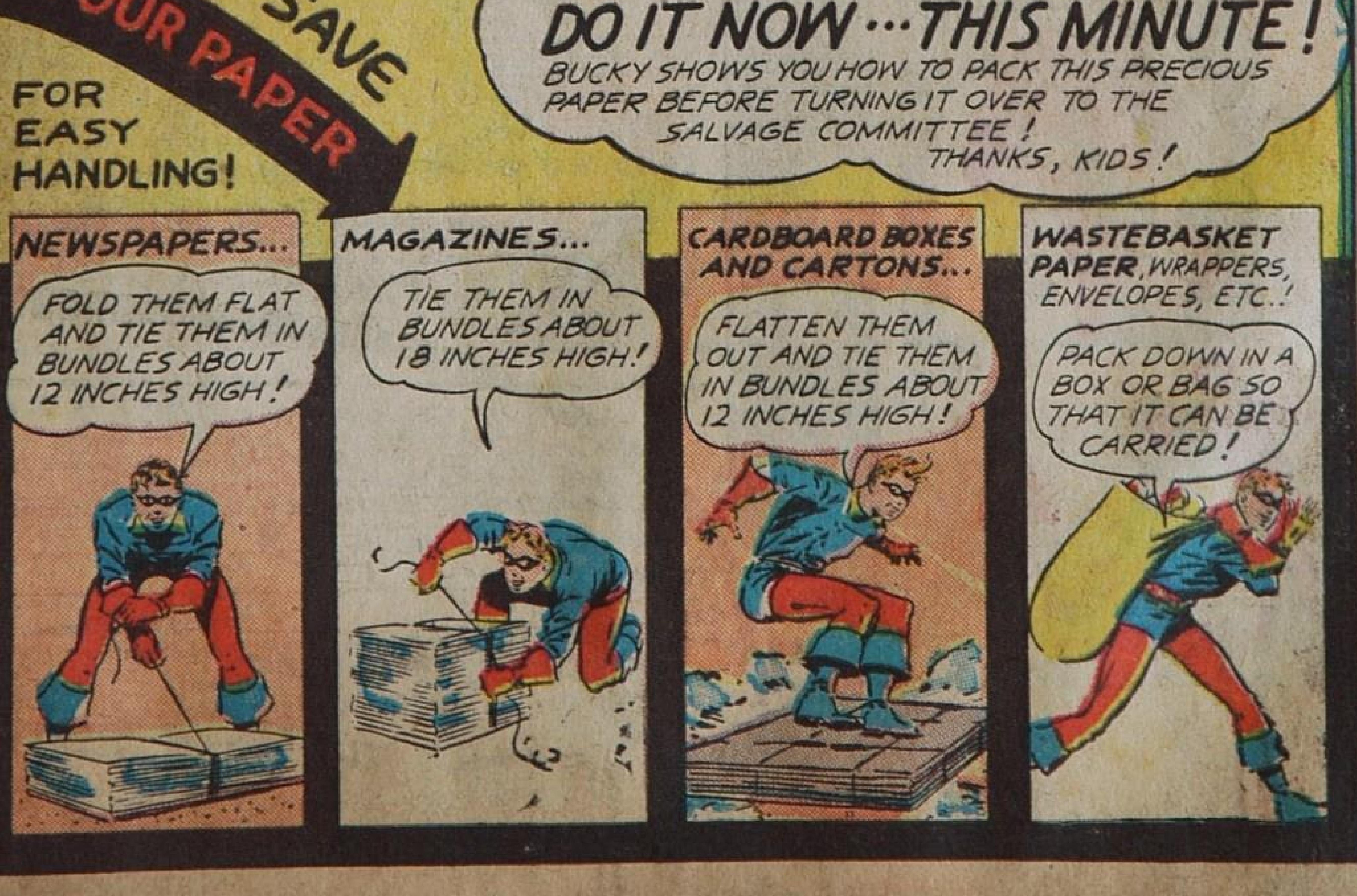
DO IT NOW ··· THIS MINUTE!

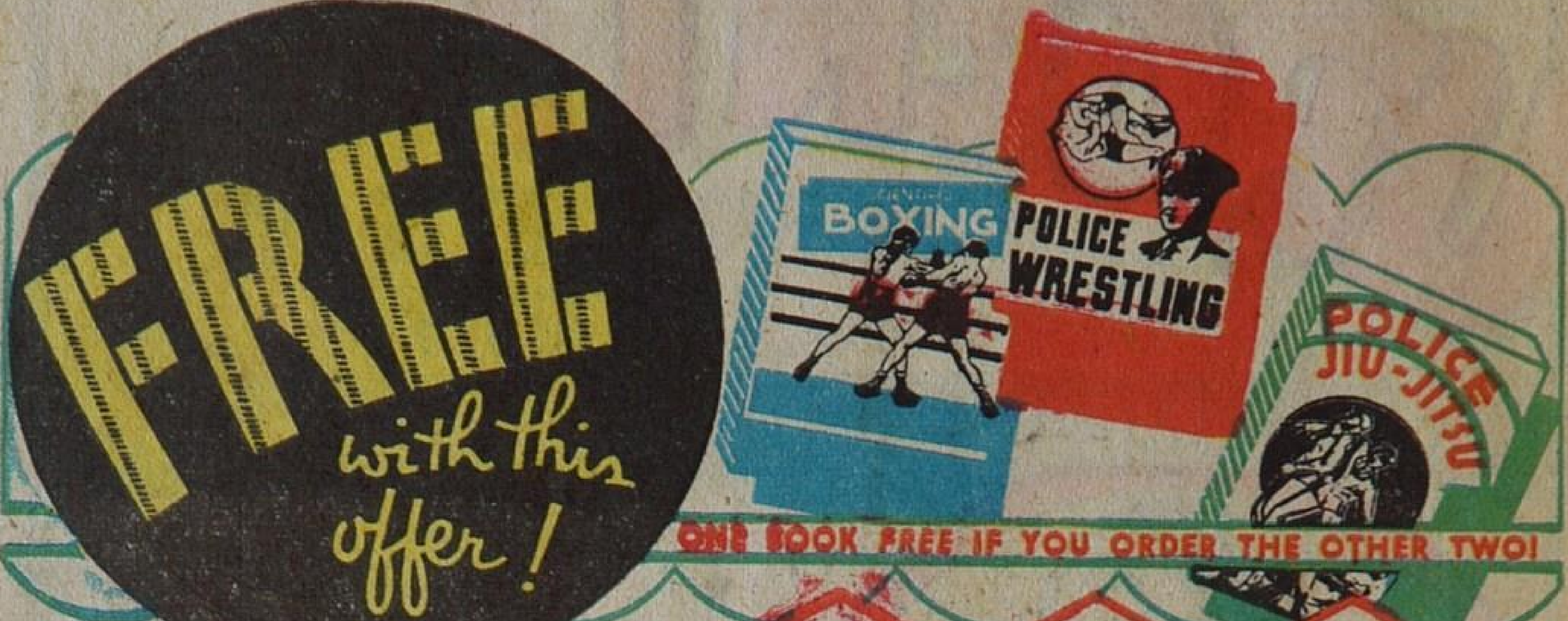
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

FOR EASY HANDLING!


NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!



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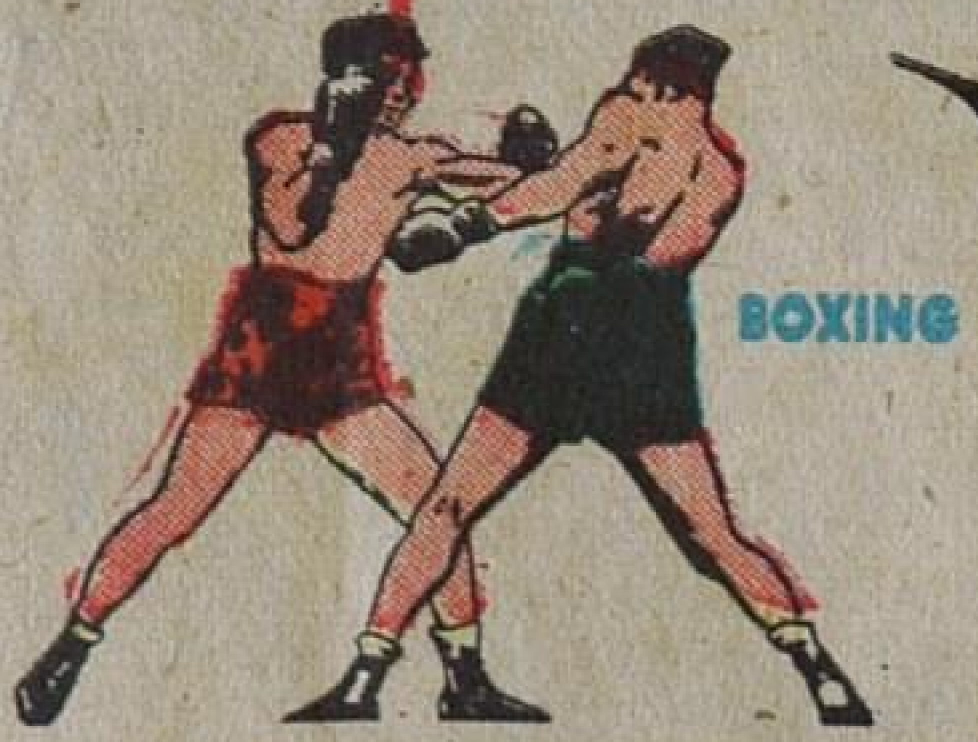
BE the MASTER—

not the SLAVE—LEARN THIS EASY, QUICK WAY TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN ANY SITUATION . . . ANYWHERE!



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☐ Please send all 3 books C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.38.
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It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

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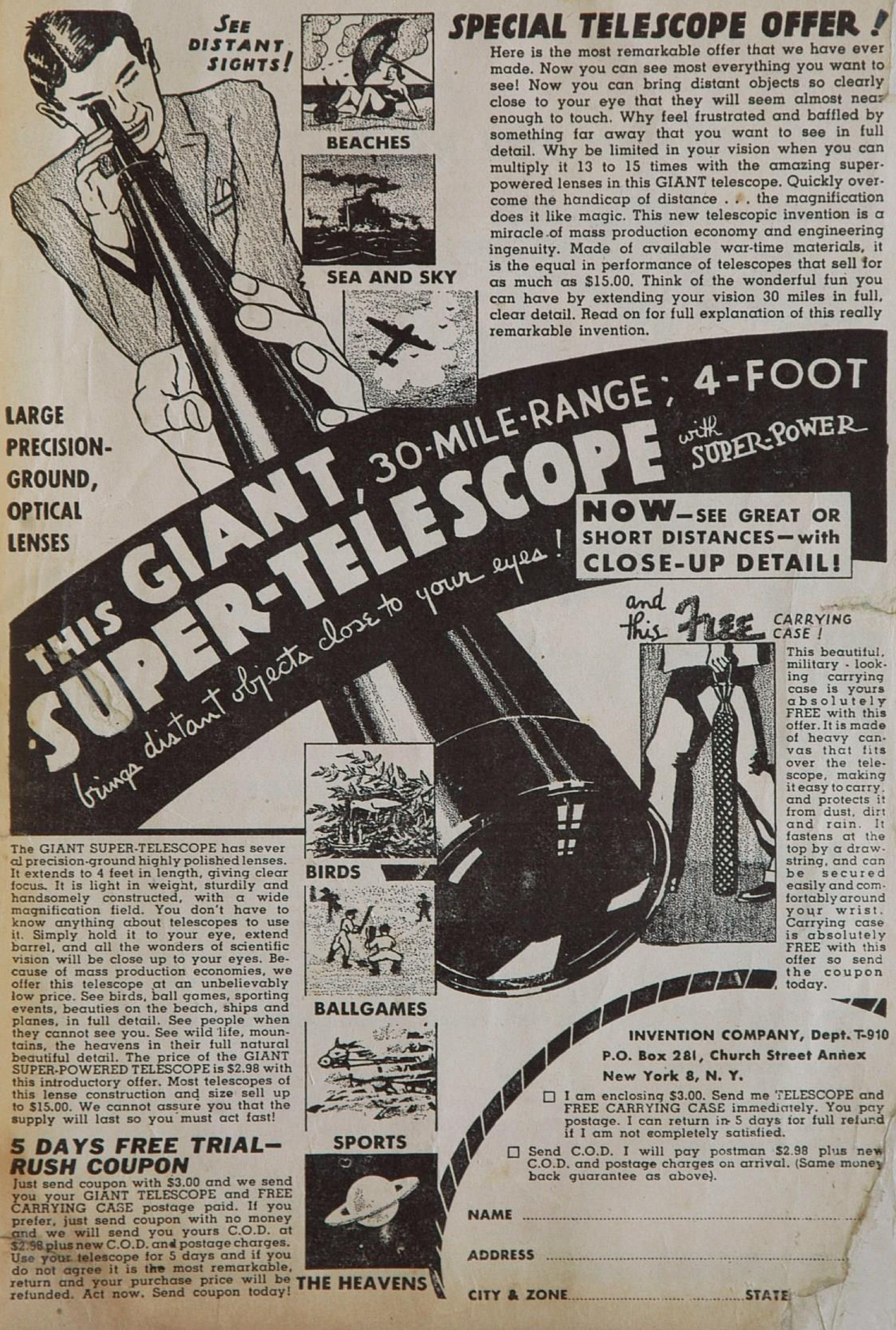
SEE DISTANT SIGHTS!
BEACHES
SEA AND SKY
LARGE PRECISION-GROUND, OPTICAL LENSES
THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE; 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE with SUPER-POWER
brings distant objects close to your eyes!
BIRDS
BALLGAMES
SPORTS
THE HEAVENS

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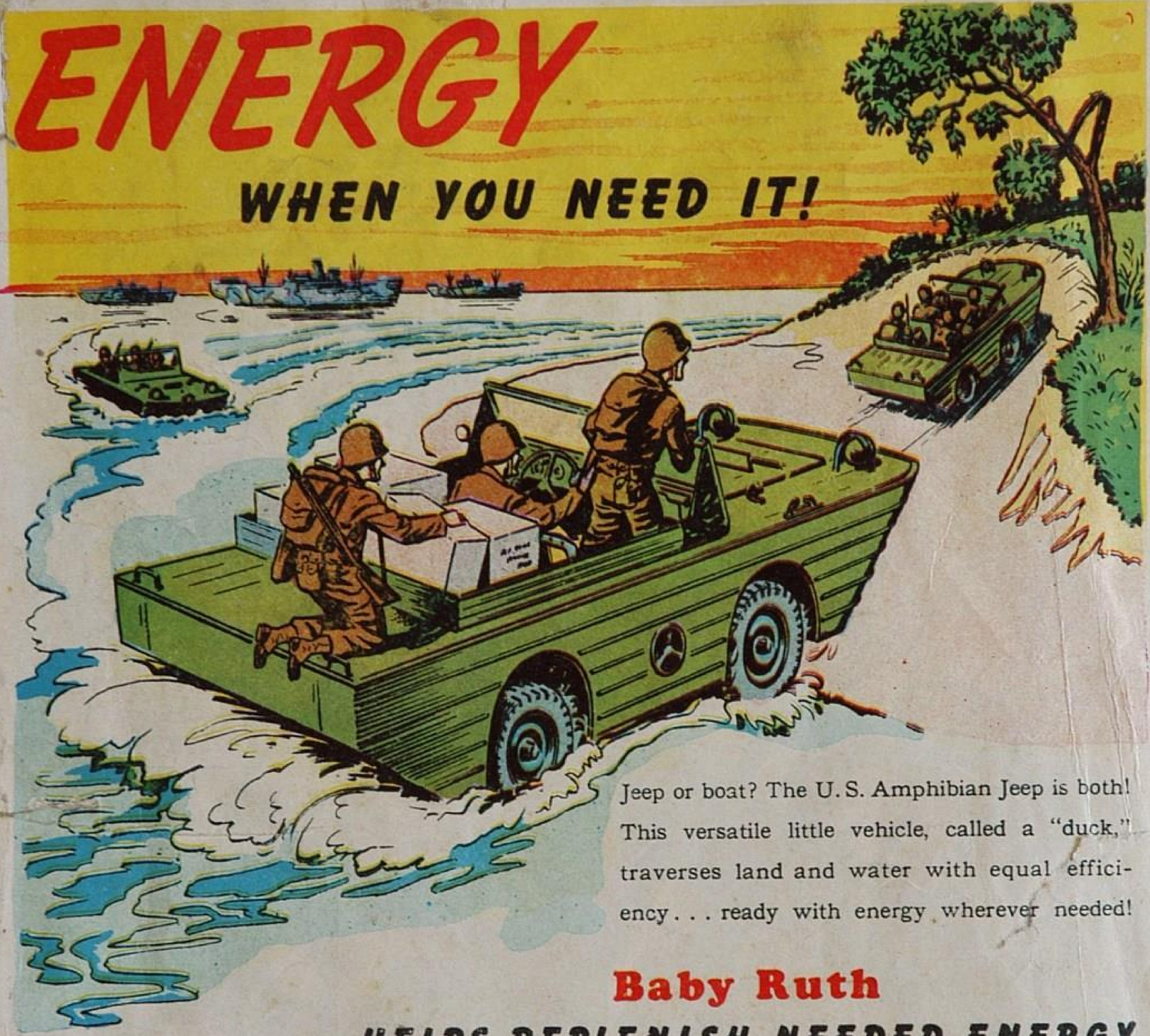
ENERGY

WHEN YOU NEED IT!



Jeep or boat? The U. S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "duck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency . . . ready with energy wherever needed!

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n the candy counter, remember
ncle Sam's needs come
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